

The Nation.

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The Week.

It is now evident that Secretary Root will be able to make good his prophecy that all the reinforcements for Gen. Otis will eat their Christmas dinner in Manila, with the exception of three or four regiments which should arrive early in January. Gen. Otis will then have about 65,000 men of all branches of the service in the Philippines, of which number about 6,000 will be in the Southern Islands, and about 2,000 will be non-combatants. Deducting the Manila garrison and a low percentage of sick and wounded, there will be left at the most about 48,000 men for duty on the firing line and to garrison the interior towns. This is by no means an extravagantly large force for the task in hand, and it is not at all remarkable that, in the face of it, Secretary Root should appeal to Congress, in his annual report, for a standing army of 100,000 men, particularly as the term of service of the newly raised regiments will expire by act of Congress in the short time of sixteen months. Meanwhile the War Department is bending all its energies to keeping the forces now in Luzon at their full strength. To fill the vacancies caused by deaths and discharges for expiration of enlistment, and particularly because of the large item of physical disability, the recruiting offices are kept busy indeed, as is evidenced by Monday's order for 1,000 more regular army recruits to be sent to the islands from this port on January 1. Were one-fifth of the number of those soldiers who have perished in the Philippines to die by some sudden calamity, there would be a keen outcry of sorrow and lamenting from all over the country. We are glad to see an awakening sense of injury about these needlessly lost and needlessly wasted American lives manifesting itself in many quarters.

Beyond the fact that the newspapers contain frequent paragraphs about Samoa and the dissatisfaction caused by the latest arrangement of its affairs by the United States, Germany, and Great Britain, the public know nothing and care nothing about those islands. They constitute an intrusion on our breakfast tables. Nine-tenths of the American people, we think, would be glad if they should never hear Samoa mentioned again. What the last cause of dissatisfaction may be few will have taken pains to find out, but the remedy proposed for it is a division of the islands between the three Powers. This would be obviously preferable to joint control over them by the three, but a still better arrangement

would be a donation outright of our share, except our old coaling-station at Pago-Pago, to the other two. True, we have never used the coaling-station, but we might wish to do so at some future time. So we had best keep it for what it may be worth. The report comes from Germany that she would be glad to withdraw also, provided she is released from all the embarrassments that have grown out of the previous and existing joint control. Now, is it not true that the sole reason on our part for not withdrawing is the belief that Germany wants us to do so? If this is an entire mistake, if Germany is herself ready to withdraw, what reason have we for staying and bothering our heads about Mataafa and Malikao, or whatever may be the names of the rival native chiefs? Have we not perplexities enough in the Philippines and race troubles enough at home to take all of our time and to employ all of our statesmanship?

The new proposal from Canada for a settlement of the Alaska boundary dispute seems not to meet with much favor at Washington. In our judgment it is not entitled to much. We could very well afford to give Canada a free port on the Lynn Canal for commercial purposes. But we cannot consider Canada's waiver of claim to Dyea and Skagway as any compensation for Pyramid Harbor or for anything else, because she has no rights in that quarter to relinquish, and she would never have imagined that she had any but for the discovery of gold in the Klondike. It was not until a considerable time after this discovery that the claim to the Lynn Canal was trumped up. As matters now stand, Canada has the advantage in the matter of trade with the Klondike. She can and does impose duties at the Klondike border in favor of her own merchants, and, however opposed this may be to the principles of Adam Smith, we are not the ones who can rightfully complain. Notwithstanding all these facts, notwithstanding the absurdity of the claim to the Lynn Canal or any part of it, we should be glad to see the whole batch of differences between the two countries referred to the Hague court of arbitration. That court would never give an inch of territory on the Lynn Canal to Canada as a matter of law or without the free consent of the United States.

It seems probable that the first case to be arbitrated since the adjournment of the Hague Conference will be the claim of the United States against Russia for the seizure of American sealing-vessels in Bering Sea in the neighborhood of the Commander Islands. Three

such vessels were seized in about the same way that we seized British vessels accused of poaching on our side of the line which in our treaty with Russia divides Bering Sea in two parts. There is this difference, however, between the two cases. We contended that the seal herd was ours wherever found, regardless of the territorial limit of three miles, and on this ground we seized the British ships as poachers. The Paris tribunal of arbitration decided this case against us, and we paid the damages ascertained by a subsequent tribunal. Russia never set up any such claim, but she maintained that her rights under international law extended to seven miles from the shore line because that was the range of modern artillery, and that the captured vessels were within this distance from the shore and engaged in taking seals when captured. The point of dispute between the two countries seems to be wholly on the question whether three miles or seven miles is the territorial limit under international law. Although the Paris tribunal did not have this precise point under consideration, it held that three miles from shore was the limit of maritime jurisdiction. However that may be, our claim against Russia is to be submitted to an arbitrator sitting at The Hague, the Dutch jurist, Dr. Asser, acting in that capacity. This is not, strictly speaking, the Hague court of arbitration. That tribunal has not yet been constituted. It cannot be until the Powers concerned ratify the Hague treaty, but the proposed arbitration with Russia is as near an approach to it as it is possible to come at present, and is a virtual assent to its terms by both Russia and the United States.

Gov. Roosevelt's Thanksgiving proclamation gives very much the impression of firing a revolver in the middle of a prayer, or of making the responses with three cheers and a tiger. To stuff a stump speech, as Mr. Roosevelt has done, into a call to prayer and praise is in wretched taste, to say the least, and will jar upon the ears of the devout in a way that our slap-dash Governor probably little suspects. A Thanksgiving proclamation is a quasi-religious document. Time-honored platitudes inevitably find their place in it, and can be pardoned; but it is a shocking thing to draw one up in the spirit of Arizona Pete. If we are to have Rough Riding in the churches, the plight of the piously inclined will be truly sad. And there is impudence approaching the sublime in the Governor's thinking it necessary to remind the people of this State that they are Americans as well as New Yorkers, and in his calm assumption that the na-

tion now for the first time feels "the flush of its mighty manhood." There is a flush which it might well experience on reading the Governor's silly proclamation, and that is the flush of shame that an American in high place should intrude his noisy hectoring upon assemblies met for divine worship.

A most absurd spectacle in campaigning was presented in Maryland last week. An election for State officials is to take place next week. The Republican Governor is a candidate for reelection upon his merits as executive during the past four years. His letter of acceptance was devoted exclusively to State issues. He seeks the support of voters without the slightest reference to their attitude regarding national questions like the silver issue and imperialism. In the midst of his canvass there jumps into the State the Governor of New York, who knows nothing about the local questions that are under discussion, by both parties, and who proceeds to urge support of Gov. Lowndes on the ground of "standing by the men who take the view that where the flag has been hoisted it shall not go back in the face of an armed foe," etc., etc. Nothing could be imagined better calculated to drive off from the Republican ticket those Democratic voters whose support is essential to Republican success in a State which is normally Democratic, than this ridiculous performance of an outsider in changing the issue from the consideration of State affairs to national politics.

In accordance with the provisions of the act of 1897, Mr. Gage invited a certain number of architects in different parts of the country to enter a competition for the custom-house building in this city. The law of 1899 contained a special clause which provided that the Secretary "may, in his discretion, invite not less than five architects to compete for the preparation and furnishing of plans, drawings, and specifications, and the local supervision of the construction of said new custom-house building, under the direction and general supervision of the Secretary of the Treasury." Mr. Gage invited a large number, and his invitation was accepted. The plans of twenty competitors were submitted to a jury, formed under the provisions of the Tarsney act, consisting of Mr. Taylor, Supervising Architect of the Treasury, Mr. Thomas Kimball of Omaha, and Mr. Frank Miles Day, President of the Philadelphia chapter of the American Institute of Architects. The first decision resulted in a tie between the designs supplied by Mr. Cass Gilbert and those of Messrs. Carrère & Hastings, and these competitors were requested to make certain modifications. The final decision gave the award to Mr. Gilbert.

Nothing was said while the competition was in progress about confining it to New York architects. None of the competitors lodged a complaint against their rivals on this ground. Yet scarcely was the award made when a great outcry, proceeding in the first instance from an express office in lower Broadway, was started against the injustice to New York architects of taking so important a work out of their hands. It was said that "certain architects" were feeling very much incensed about this treatment, but their names have never been revealed, and are not likely to be. It was said also that the plans were inadequate artistically, that Mr. Gilbert belonged really in St. Paul, and had come to this city only six months ago, presumably to get a chance to grab this job, and much more to the same effect; but the only authority willing to give his name to such views of the case was Mr. Platt's Quigg. Nobody supposes for an instant that there is anything except politics in this effort to have the finding of the jury set aside. Of course Mr. Platt's assumption that the new custom-house building is to be a New York structure is false. It is to be a Federal building, paid for by the whole country. That he should want to make of this great public work a private job for the benefit of himself and his machine is natural, for his power is built upon patronage, and his chief ambition in life is to "handle" it.

The Indiana Bankers' Association held their annual session at Indianapolis on Wednesday of last week, and adopted resolutions in favor of reducing the tax on national banknote circulation one-half; permitting the issue of circulating notes to the par value of the United States bonds deposited for circulation; permitting the organization of national banks, with a capital of \$25,000, in towns having 1,000 people or less; and granting to national banks, excepting in reserve or central reserve cities, permission to invest 50 per cent. of their capital stock and surplus in first mortgages on real estate, that may run not longer than five years. All of these proposed changes except the last have been discussed more or less in recent years, and have been generally approved. The national banking act prohibits the lending of any part of a bank's money on real-estate security. This provision of law is grounded upon right principles. As the bank's liabilities are all payable on demand, it ought to keep its resources invested in "quick assets." Loans on real estate do not come under this category, and no prudent banker would make many such loans even if the law put no restrictions on him. There are plenty of State banks and private banks (other than savings banks and trust companies) which are under no such restriction, yet, being commercial banks chiefly, the amount

of money which they lend on real estate is insignificant. The national banking law is, therefore, rather perfunctory than useful in this particular. Probably the slight change which the Indiana Bankers' Association ask for would not be productive of harm, and it might do away with some prejudice which exists among the farmers of the country against the national banking system.

By an act passed by the last Legislature which became a law on July 1 of this year, the State of Illinois has opened a free employment agency in each city of more than 50,000 inhabitants and three such in the city of Chicago. According to the law, these offices are to assist each applicant for work to obtain it without any charge, and every applicant seeking help in any legitimate enterprise whatever is entitled to the State's aid. Each office is managed by a superintendent, a woman assistant superintendent, and a clerk, recommended by the State Board of Labor Commissioners and appointed by the Governor. The Chicago offices have been crowded with applicants ever since their doors were opened, in August. Employers of labor have from the start looked favorably upon the enterprise. Most of the large railroads asked for the assistance of the offices in getting them the laborers needed, and many large enterprises followed suit. It must not be thought, however, that the State's taking up such an enterprise enables it to find places for every seeker after employment. The South Side office in Chicago during the two months from August 2 to October 7 placed only 1,959 of the 4,625 male applicants, and was unable to fill 1,015 of the 2,974 requests of employers. Of 1,503 women seeking positions, mostly as house servants, 1,346 were given places, while 665 employers out of 2,011 failed to find the workers desired. It is probable, however, that when these offices become better known, the State's efforts will be proportionately more successful. There have been very few protests against this State competition made by the private agencies, which are forced to pay a license tax of \$200 each, and the new enterprise has thus far received the approval of some of the leading students of Chicago's social conditions. The results of the experiment will doubtless be watched by other States. It must be noted, however, that the Illinois law contains one provision inserted as an evident concession to the labor organizations, which forbids the furnishing of workmen to an employer whose employees are either striking or locked out. This does not add to the strength of the law or commend itself to the public at large.

Two developments of the past week in the railway industry—the very wide-

spread advance in freight transportation charges and the placing of enormously heavy contracts for new rails and rolling stock—have an interest wider than the railroad business. In regard to the rise in freight rates, it is a familiar fact that within the past twelve months the average of such charges has touched the lowest level in American commercial history. Going back as far as 1882, the record shows an average rate of nearly $1\frac{1}{4}$ cent per ton per mile; in 1898 the same average barely exceeded $\frac{3}{4}$ cent. The numerous reasons for this fall in charges are sufficiently well known. It has followed natural causes. These causes were doubtless emphasized, sometimes unduly and unreasonably, by compulsory legislation, but in the main the continuous decline in rates reflected, first, increasing economy in operation and decreasing cost of materials, and, second, the vast increase of railway competition, through which supply of freight-room constantly ran far beyond demand. These very factors, however, go far to warrant a rise in freight rates at the present juncture.

Demand for freight room by interior shippers is so notoriously in excess of ready supply that the "car famine" in the West has become one of the most familiar phenomena of the period. This is a fair *prima-facie* argument for higher charges; but it is not the only argument. The cost of railway labor has advanced on the average at least 10 per cent. during the recent prosperous times. The cost of railway supplies, the greater part of which naturally comes from the advancing iron market, has very nearly doubled within twelve months. It was announced, some days ago, that orders for a million and a half tons of steel rails had been placed by the companies on the basis of \$33 per ton, and this was declared to be a concession from the ruling price. Yet the railways, twelve months ago, might have filled their needs, so far as market quotations went, at no more than \$18 per ton. Here is a difference of more than twenty million dollars in a single block of orders. Similar striking differences may be figured out in the large contracts for new cars and locomotives, which are now being placed by every important railway in the country. Such a position of affairs certainly gives warrant for reasonable advance in carrying rates, and shippers need not fear that the rise will be more than reasonable. Excessive and extortionate charges are a notorious impossibility in the present situation of the industry. Indeed, the greater probability is that whatever advances are now attained cannot in any case be more than temporary. These very additions to rolling-stock which are now running up the railway expense account will serve, when the new equipment has been

delivered, to prevent return of the "car famine" which to-day makes the railways masters of the situation. Nor can we count indefinitely on the huge volume of agricultural shipments which, this year, has taxed the full resources for transportation.

There is a controversy in Chattanooga, Tenn., over the use of Mrs. Lee's 'History of the United States' in the public schools. Mrs. Lee is a daughter of General Pemberton. Naturally she takes the Southern view of the civil war. Yet, strange to say, the School Board of Chattanooga decided to exclude her book, and the newspaper accounts say that every Southern-born man on the board voted for it, while every Northern-born man voted against it. This would imply that Northern-born men are in the majority at Chattanooga, or at all events are a majority of the School Board. The Southern men do not intend to rest satisfied with one vote. They are "rallying their forces." It has come out in the course of the controversy that one of the teachers in the public schools, who has been using Barnes's History, thinks that the Federal army was victorious at Chickamauga. This has added some bitterness to the dispute, and has aroused Colonel Garrett Andrews to "demand our rights in the history of our country." So say we all of us. The Northern people, at the time of the battle of Chickamauga, thought that they had the worst of it, and it took nearly a quarter of a century to change their minds. They are now prepared to admit that perhaps their first impressions were wrong and that General Rosecrans was a greater man than they had taken him to be. If this change of opinion is due to Barnes's History, we shall vote for it on every favorable opportunity.

The defeat of the Yale and Princeton football teams by those of Columbia and Cornell, hitherto entirely outclassed by the older colleges, is an event of great importance to the future of intercollegiate athletics. It marks the end of the "championship" idea in that branch of sport, just as the baseball teams of Dartmouth, Georgetown, and Brown and other colleges have made it impossible in past years to decide which nine was superior to all the others throughout the country. With the rise to the front rank in football of Columbia, Brown, Cornell, Wisconsin, and Chicago, it is now similarly impossible for any one to claim superiority in that sport. The value of the resulting state of affairs can be estimated only by those familiar with the false and utterly disproportionate place athletics have had in the college curriculum and the minds of the undergraduates hitherto. This overestimation has been largely due to the desire to become "champion" over all other important

teams, and the impracticability of accomplishing this now paves the way for contests between neighbors and natural rivals, in which less emphasis will be laid upon success than upon playing games in a manly, honest, straightforward, and gentlemanly way, for the sake of the sport and the exercise. We shall hear very little of charges of professionalism and unfair play the minute the undergraduate begins to take this attitude toward intercollegiate contests. The defeats of Saturday, furthermore, have not been unexpected, as both Yale and Princeton narrowly escaped similar ones last year. They are the result of better methods of training in the smaller colleges, taught by graduates of the teams of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, and are not due to any sudden attendance of physically superior students. So far as these methods make for a better game, under better rules and under less dangerous conditions, and bring more players in each college to take healthful outdoor contests, they are to be heartily welcomed.

It was undoubtedly a severe reverse which befell the British in the first day's fighting at Ladysmith. Gen. White's shouldering of all responsibility for the loss of two regiments is a manly thing, and reminds one of Gen. Lee's clear honesty in explaining his loss at Gettysburg. The rash movement which entailed the disaster bears out, by so much, the contention of Continental military critics, that the British officers, by long and almost exclusive experience in fighting savages and semi-savages—Afridis and Zulus and Dervishes—have acquired the habit of daring too much. It is one thing to charge at Dargai or Tel el-Kebir upon warriors who never turned in their flight when once broken, and quite another to press too audaciously upon soldiers who have the stomach to rally and retrieve an apparently lost field. Yet the British loss, severe and galling as it is, does not radically alter the military situation, which remains, even at Ladysmith, one of formidable difficulty for the Boers to face. The place must now be in splendid posture of defence; the British artillery seems quite to outclass the Boer; and every day will bring reinforcements nearer. Meantime, the strain upon the manifestly inefficient transport and commissariat service of the Boers will be the greater the longer they are kept on the stretch and the farther they march from their base. But they have certainly shown themselves to be made of the stern old stuff of their fathers. On their western border they have completely invested Mafeking and Kimberley, whose relief must be as much of a concern to the newly arrived commander-in-chief, Sir Redvers Buller, as that of Ladysmith and Natal generally.

A CRIMINAL BACKWARD STEP.

The Civil-Service Commission has acted with promptness and effect upon the soliciting circulars which the Ohio Republican State Committee has sent out to all the employees in the Federal service throughout the country, asking their financial aid in carrying Ohio this year because of the "important bearing the result will have upon the greater contest of 1900." The President of the Commission referred the subject to ex-Senator Edmunds for an opinion as to whether the circulars of the Committee constitute a violation of the law. In his reply, dated October 25, Mr. Edmunds says:

"I think it is clear that the soliciting of such political aids by means of the post-office is distinctly within the prohibition of section 12 of the act to which I refer. The language of the section is: 'That no person shall in any room or building,' etc., 'solicit in any manner whatever,' etc. It is not that no person being in a room or building shall solicit, but it is that no solicitation shall be made in any such place, no matter where the person making the solicitation may be. If, for instance, a person on the street outside the Treasury Department should send a written offer to some person employed in the building to pay a price for robbing the vaults or committing any other wrong, it would be clear that his offence was committed within the building, for the writing of the offer would be entirely incomplete until delivered to the person to whom it was addressed."

In giving out this opinion for publication, the Commission accompany it with a long argument tending to establish the fact that the Ohio Committee violated both the spirit and the letter of the law. This was perfectly plain in the Committee's circular, for they confessed judgment when they entered into an argument to show that they had taken especial pains to get around the law, and believed that they had succeeded. They based their assurance altogether upon the point that they had placed the work of solicitation in charge of a committee "made up of persons in no wise connected with the Federal service." Mr. Edmunds makes short work, as above, of this pettifogging interpretation of the law. The Ohio committee were "soliciting" in a manner forbidden by law, and, even on their own confession, endeavoring to collect money from persons whom the law has been enacted especially to protect. There is no room for dispute on these points. It follows, therefore, that the Republican campaign committee, in McKinley's own State, committed a double offence in the eye of the law, for, as the Commission points out, "it has long been determined that if an offer to bribe is made through the post-office, the writer commits an offence at the place where he deposits the letter as well as at the place where it is received."

There will be no difficulty in fixing responsibility for the mailing of the circulars. Each circular was signed by W. F. Burdell, Treasurer, and bore at its head the names of the five members of

the "Finance Committee of the Ohio Republican Executive Committee, Board of Trade Building, Columbus." The five names are "J. B. Zerbe, Chairman; W. F. Burdell, Treasurer; Julius Whiting, jr., Charles P. Taft, Noah H. Swayne." The circular itself is evidence that they did this work, for it states that they were especially selected to perform it. Their offence is defined in the fifteenth section of the law as follows:

"Any one who shall be guilty of violating any provision of the four foregoing sections shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, on conviction thereof, be punished by a fine not exceeding \$5,000, or by imprisonment for a term not exceeding three years, or by such fine and imprisonment both, in the discretion of the court."

Whose duty is it to enforce the law? Why, the President's. He is the man who should direct the Attorney-General to institute proceedings, and he should do it without delay. He must be able to perceive that the commission of the offence in his own State and in the interest of his own party, in a campaign which is avowedly conducted for the purpose of making his own renomination sure, renders it imperative for him to act with unusual vigor and alacrity in the matter. The Commission has not called upon him *pro forma* to act, but in laying the case before the public it has shown the necessity for action and left with him the responsibility of taking it.

Is the President equal to this emergency? Can Attorney-General Griggs remove his eyes from the "glory-crowned heights" long enough to see this duty which lies so near at hand? Nothing approaching this circular, as an open and brazen violation of the civil-service law, has been committed by any party in this country since the law went into effect. We have had violations in one form or another in abundance, but this is the first time that a campaign committee of a great political party has written down and sent broadcast over the land its avowed intention to violate the law. It did not do this on a small scale, but sent the avowal to the entire force of Federal employees throughout the country. The fact that this was done in the President's own political household, in a campaign conducted in person by the man who is in charge of his political interests and fortunes, made it especially harmful and portentous. Then, too, it came on the heels of an act of the President himself which had greatly weakened the force of the civil-service laws, and had shown on his part a clear determination to hand the service over, sooner or later, entirely to the spoils-men. It was, in fact, the second "backward step," as ominous as the first had been, and was calculated to make all employees feel that if they did not contribute as requested, their hold upon their places would be insecure. There is only one way by which the President can rid himself of the responsibility for this

shameful and criminal business, and that is to see to it that the persons who have committed the crime are punished to the full extent of the law.

TRANSVAAL AND PHILIPPINE DIPLOMACY.

One of the grounds of complaint of the English Liberals in Parliament, regarding Mr. Chamberlain's conduct of diplomatic negotiations with the Transvaal, was his policy of excessive and ill-judged publicity. Dispatches were published before the ink on them was dry. The demands of England were given out before Krüger's reply was received; and his rejoinders were handed over to the press before the counter-proposals of the cabinet were formulated. By this means, it was charged by the Earl of Kimberley, public opinion was unnecessarily excited and inflamed, and the old and honorable tradition of English diplomacy completely broken with. This "new diplomacy," doing everything in the light of day, and making a clean breast of official secrets which in other years would have been jealously locked up, was responsible, complained the Liberal leader, for the atmosphere of irritation and suspicion on both sides that finally came to enwrap the whole affair and to make a peaceful settlement more and more difficult and unlikely. If this was the new diplomacy, it must be said of it, as of wine, that the old is better.

Lord Salisbury made an answer which has a great deal of force. He frankly confessed his preference for the older method. The noble lord could not be a more devout believer in the virtue of silence than he himself, and he would have been glad to cultivate it "even on the present occasion." But much was to be said on the other side. An English Minister is not a despotic power. He has to look about him, in great crises, for "that popular support which is the breath of life to all political movements in this age." He therefore cannot afford, by secrecy, by "neglecting the feelings of those to whom he has to look for support," to fail to "conciliate, to retain, to encourage, to push forward" whatever of confidence and loyalty he can command.

"He is bound," declared Lord Salisbury, "to give them such information as will place at his disposal and range behind him all the power, all the physical force of those who are devoted to his cause. If that is necessary—and he could not afford to allow British interests in the Cape by apathy or by ignorance to fall away from the Crown—how is it possible that he should proceed with the carefully secret methods of the older diplomacy? I am not doubting the merits of the older system, but if you have to appeal for popular support, the old diplomacy will not give it you. That seems to me to sum up the essence of the policy which has been undoubtedly pursued."

This particular controversy is no affair of ours, and we refer to it only to point out the remarkable contrast between England's Transvaal diplomacy

and our own Philippine diplomacy. All the arguments for frankness and publicity would seem to have double force as applied to a President. Instead of a seven-year Parliament behind him, he has but a two-year Congress. If popular support is the breath of life to an English Minister, what is it to the chief of an American Administration? He must consult it at every turn. He must use every art in instructing and directing it. Nobody is more keenly aware of this than Mr. McKinley. He fairly flings himself into the people's arms. And he does it with such an air of engaging openness, as one who vows that he can have no secrets from the sole object of his affections, that we are apt to forget how little he really tells us, how far he is from having taken us into his confidence. This man, we say, wears his heart on his sleeve. It may be true; but let us ask what he has all the while kept up his sleeve.

Compared with the unreserve of Mr. Chamberlain's diplomacy, President McKinley's is the furled wings of the Sphinx herself. A simple enumeration of the things we should like to know about his diplomatic decisions and communications would make an appalling list. We will not go back to the correspondence with Spain; that there is humiliating reading in store for us when those dispatches come to be published, is clear to any one who has seen the fragments given out at Madrid. As far as the President is concerned, he has double-locked the whole of them. But all that is not strictly a part of the Philippine diplomacy. Purely in that province, however, think of all the important documents which Mr. McKinley has kept from the knowledge of Congress and the country. What were his instructions to Gen. Otis? They have never seen the light. What were his instructions to the Philippine Commission? The people do not know. What were the terms proposed by Aguinaldo before the war? We are left in ignorance. What were the offers made to the Filipinos by our army officers before the fighting began? We can only guess. What is the arrangement made with the Sultan of Sulu? The President refuses to tell. What was the information received from Gen. Otis before the war? Mr. McKinley has locked it up. What were the contents of the dispatch sent by Admiral Dewey last December, or thereabouts? The President has suppressed it. So we might go on. Never have we had a President so considerate of the dear people, yet never one so reluctant to give them material upon which to base a judgment. Compared with the light which Englishmen had upon all the phases of the Transvaal question, we are left, as regards our Philippine question, groping in the dark.

We by no means advocate the doctrine of every man his own diplomat. The new

diplomacy, if it means promptly making capital out of every phase of an international quarrel which might be composed by patience and tact, is not at all to our taste. But it does not lie in an American's mouth to contradict Lord Salisbury when he affirms that, if you go to the people on a question of diplomacy, you must tell them the whole story. Mr. McKinley has gone to the people, but he does not tell them the whole story. What he keeps back may be, for all we know, the most important part of the entire business. Nor can he plead the necessity of being close-mouthed, on the ground that the whole affair must be kept in his skilful hands. He ostentatiously says it is our affair. Then it is not a case for diplomatic reserve. Give us the documents as freely as Mr. Chamberlain gave England the Transvaal documents.

ISOLATING WAR.

The war in South Africa illustrates a truth which was also exemplified in the Spanish-American war, the war between Greece and Turkey, the Franco-German war, and, in fact, nearly every war since Napoleon—the growing tendency, namely, to isolate an armed struggle between two nations. Instead of dragging in other Powers, a war now only incites them to keep their hands off more carefully than ever. We hear less of the duty of an ally to pitch in than of the obligation of a friendly state to observe a strict neutrality. This is an enormous change wrought in the habits of nations within the past century, and a change wholly for the better. We have only to remember how all Europe was set ablaze by Frederick or Napoleon; how a quarrel between the French and English a hundred and fifty years ago meant the hand of every nation against its fellow, and drove red men to scalp each other on the Mississippi and dark-skinned men to kill each other in the Carnatic; how the invasion of Russia by France necessarily involved Prussia, Poland, Austria, and Italy—and we see at once that we have changed all that. "A general European war" remains a kind of mental refuge, or millennial hope, for a certain order of American journalists, but we are little likely to live to see it, despite Dreibund and Franco-Russian alliance.

The distinct drift is toward isolation of war. If two nations must get into the prize-ring, the others tell them to fight it out, but to expect no aid or comfort from those who stand outside the ropes. The old tendency to rush in and take sides and precipitate a general mêlée persists, of course, but it persists mainly in the form of rumor. Other nations are always going to take part, but never quite do it. Able newspaper correspondents are promptly at the telegraph instrument with knowing hints about "inner circles of diplomacy," and with an air

of "I could an' I would" tell all about the secret purposes of Russia or Germany. But, since Thackeray's day, we have grown less alarmed at these "machinations of a great Power that must be nameless," which so trouble the repose of journalists, and we generously discount them in advance. Spain was perfectly certain that Europe would never allow the rude republic of the West to humiliate her. There was France with her large Spanish investments, there was Emperor William with his friendly messages—why, the thing was absolutely sure. But the intervention did not come off. So now the advertised eagerness of France and Germany and Russia to interfere in the Boer war shows every day less sign of "materializing." The *Figaro* tells the Boers that they were fools to declare war, and that France, while sympathizing with them, is really too busy about her Exposition. The German Emperor is likewise excessively occupied, and even Russia is sorely disappointing the correspondents by her inactivity.

We have no disposition to proclaim rival prophecies of our own. It is all we can do to record the failure of other people's predictions. Here, for example, is a German military critic writing in the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and even his comparatively reasonable forecast of the South African war is proved to be, as yet, far from accurate. He expected no interference from the outside, but he looked for a terrible state of things in South Africa itself. Every Dutchman in Cape Colony and Natal was to fly at once to arms, so that it would not be an army, but a nation, which England would have to fight. Both sides, moreover, were to put native auxiliaries in the field, and the resulting horrors of war would be almost unthinkable. England would require at least 150,000 of her best troops to succeed. None of these predictions, it is needless to say, has been fulfilled or now promises to be; and their failure, so far, simply helps us to see that even interested non-combatants on the spot are acting very much like neutral nations at a distance—that is, they are saying to the armies afoot, "Settle it between you, and don't expect us to take a hand in the fight."

Every man may have his own philosophy in speculating about the causes of this great change in the civilized way of regarding and treating war. It may be only enlightened self-interest, a slow dawning in national consciousness of the folly of interfering in another's quarrel. It may be due to the increased destructiveness of modern armaments, and the heightened cost of modern war, leading even "strenuous" rulers to count the cost before rushing into the fray. It may even be that men are not so fond of fighting as they used to be; that they are too much absorbed in business and in education and art and science to care

greatly about the military glory of killing and being killed—particularly in a quarrel which they have gone out of their way to pick. We cheerfully leave our readers to dogmatize on this subject at their ease. But the fact, whatever its explanation, is as we say. Instead of war now meaning a general conflagration, as it used to, it is treated as a fire which all neutral nations are interested in confining to as small a space as possible, and in which they have no notion of burning their own fingers unnecessarily. Thus war more clearly than ever takes its place among the nuisances, the dangers, the calamities of mankind. We think of it as a deadly disease which must, indeed, run its course in its unhappy victims, but which is to be isolated and prevented from spreading and so stamped out.

THE CITY CAMPAIGN.

We betray no confidence in saying that there is very little popular interest in the present campaign in this city. This melancholy fact stood revealed in the diminished figures of the registration, and every man who goes about among his fellows is confronted with it in the conversation which he hears and in which he takes part. What is the meaning of this indifference or "apathy"? The fusion ticket, especially in its nominees for judicial positions, is one of the best that the voters of the city have ever had an opportunity to support. Its election would be a distinct public benefit. All that the City Club and Citizens' Union have said in its favor is strictly true. The election of ex-Justice Daly to the Supreme Bench would of itself be an incalculable moral gain to the political tone of the community. Why can we not accomplish this? Why can we not have such general and enthusiastic support of the fusion ticket as will carry it to success by a handsome majority?

The answer to these questions is revealed in the columns of the newspapers daily. The campaign has become mainly a "slanging match" between Quigg and Croker as to which stands for the more corrupt politics. Quigg, speaking always for Platt, says that Croker runs the city government for his personal advantage and profit, that he levies blackmail on everybody who does business with the city government, and that he collects large revenues from the vice and crime of the community, encouraging its growth in order to increase his income therefrom. Croker says of Platt, whom Quigg represents, that he runs the Legislature and the State government for his personal profit; that the Republican party in this State is nothing more nor less than the firm of Tracy, Boardman & Platt; that Platt was behind the Ramapo job and the Astoria gas grab, and that the Mazet committee did

not dare to put him on the stand for fear of showing what a corrupt old politician he is. The public reads what both these "great leaders" say of each other, and has not a particle of doubt that both are telling the truth. Each is doing and has been doing for a long time precisely what the other says he has, but Croker is the more brazen of the two.

A perfect example of the Platt system is furnished in the campaign for Mazet's reelection in the Nineteenth Assembly District. In the first place, the chairman of Mazet's campaign committee is the Collector of the Port, Mr. Bidwell, who leaves his duties in the custom-house to help Mr. Platt in his effort to continue one of his agents on duty at Albany. Mazet said in a speech last week that there was only one issue in this campaign; that "on one side you have Croker and bossism, and on the other honesty and decency"; that "a man cannot do business with certain Tammany heads of departments without being subject to blackmail," and that he charged this "boldly and without fear." Why do such charges, when made boldly and without fear, excite no indignation? Simply because Mazet presided over an inquiry in which it was shown that while Croker used his power as boss to help his two sons get into "business" on a blackmailing basis, Platt had done the same thing for his two sons through law and surety business. Croker's friends and associates tried to foist the Ramapo job on the city, but Platt's friends and associates originated it and induced Tammany to take it up, and Platt's Family Law Firm got \$250 for merely asking a Republican Governor to make the job possible. Mazet himself acted in the Legislature as the champion of the Astoria gas grab, which the Platt Family Law Firm got fees for advocating. Small wonder that when a boss's agent denounces the blackmailing methods of a rival boss, honest people take little interest in the proceedings.

So, too, in regard to the nomination by the Platt machine of ex-Justice Daly for the Supreme bench. People with memories have not forgotten that when a vacancy was imminent on this bench after Gov. Roosevelt came into office, and the Governor had declared his intention of appointing Mr. Daly to it, Boss Platt united with Boss Croker in such bitter opposition to it that the vacancy did not occur. If he was anxious to rebuke Croker for his interference with the freedom of the judiciary, Platt had an opportunity to do so effectively then, but he was not at all eager to improve it. And what brass it requires in one of Platt's legislative agents to denounce Tammany blackmailing operations when he knows for what purposes Platt has always used his majority in the Legislature.

So long as we have our two parties in the hands of two men so identical in

methods and morals as Platt and Croker are, it will be useless to hope for popular enthusiasm in support of an anti-Tammany campaign in which Platt takes the lead. He has given us a good judicial ticket, however, and all good citizens should hail with joy the opportunity to vote for it.

THE LAW OF TRADE COMBINATIONS.

The general question of industrial combinations was lately discussed by a large convention of economists and politicians at Chicago, and now the Supreme Court of Illinois has added its contribution to the subject. The laws of Illinois against combinations in restraint of trade are particularly stringent, and they have been vigorously sustained by judicial decisions. Notably in the case of the "Whiskey Trust," it was held that property acquired by a corporation for illegal purposes could not be held by it, but must be restored to its original owners, or sold for the benefit of whom it might concern. To be sure, in that case, another corporation was at once formed, which bought the property of its predecessor, so that the practical effect of the appeal to the courts was not very great. But, theoretically at least, the majesty of the law was vindicated.

The decision against the Glucose Sugar Refining Company, which has just now been rendered, is apparently even more sweeping and severe than the former rulings. The Glucose Company is a New Jersey corporation, and it seems to have done nothing more than its charter and the corporation law of New Jersey permitted. That fact, however, the Illinois Supreme Court held, was immaterial. The question was whether the Glucose Company had violated the law of Illinois by purchasing the property of several corporations engaged in making glucose. The court held that such a violation had taken place, and expressed very pronounced views on the subject of monopoly. It laid it down that no sale of its property by one corporation to another is valid if the transaction has the effect of regulating prices, of limiting competition, or of controlling production. Glucose, it seems, can be successfully manufactured only within what is known as the "corn belt," which consists of an ellipse about 950 miles in length from east to west and 700 miles in width. All of this belt is within 1,000 miles of Chicago, and, by the terms of sale, the parties conveying their property agreed not to manufacture glucose within 1,500 miles of that city. Hence their agreement was in effect a total or general restraint of trade, void not only by statute but at common law.

Moreover, the evidence showed that the Glucose Refining Company intended to acquire all the concerns engaged in the manufacture of glucose. Such a purpose vitiated all purchases embodying it.

On this point the court said: "The material consideration in the case of such a combination is, as a general thing, not that prices are raised, but that it rests in the power and discretion of the Trust or corporation taking all the plants of the several corporations to raise prices at any time if it sees fit to do so." It does not relieve the Trust of its objectionable features that it may reduce the price of the articles which it manufactures, because such reduction may be brought about for the express purpose of crushing out some competitor or competitors. . . . It makes no difference whether the combination is effected through the instrumentality of trustees and trust certificates, or whether it is effected by creating a new corporation and conveying to it all the property of the competing corporations. The test is whether the necessary consequence of the combination is the controlling of prices, or limiting of production or suppressing of competition, in such a way as thereby to create a monopoly. Necessarily, when corporations thus situated unite together all their properties in one new organization, and permit the latter to operate their properties, competition will be suppressed, and the new corporation will possess the power to limit production and control prices."

In this case the plaintiff was a minority stockholder, who objected to having his property disposed of without his consent, and the decision might perhaps have been based on that ground alone. But the language of the court makes it clear that, even if all the stockholders of the minor corporations had consented to the sale of their property, it would have made no difference. The transaction would still have been a fraud on the public, and the State could have had it annulled. The opinion of the court perhaps goes no farther than was done in the case of the Standard Oil Trust in Ohio and that of the Trans-Missouri Freight Association, which came before the United States Supreme Court. But the Illinois court indulges in some *obiter dicta* which are significant. It declares that attorneys engaged in the organization of such industrial combinations as the Glucose Company are not engaged in the legitimate practice of their profession. It asserts that corporations can dispose of such property only as they do not require in carrying on their business, and that the power of the Glucose Company to acquire property was limited to the acquisition of such property only as its business required; the property of competing concerns not being included. Furthermore, the Illinois Trust Company, it was intimated, had no power under its charter to act as the agent of the Glucose Company in effecting its purchases.

In view of this decision it is difficult to see why there should be any further agitation against Trusts, at least in the

State of Illinois. The laws are ample, and they are enforced by the courts. The Glucose Company may be obliged to reconvey the property it purchased to its original owners, just as the property acquired by the Standard Oil Trust was restored to the corporations that had sold it. But in some mysterious way the persons interested in the Standard Oil Trust appear to control the oil business, and it is not improbable that a similar result will take place in the business of making glucose sugar. Unless some way can be devised to prevent rich men from owning controlling interests in corporations engaged in the same business, it might be as well to let them openly combine. To prevent them may cause them a good deal of trouble and expense; but they may contrive to reimburse themselves at the charge of the public.

IMPRESSIONS OF HONOLULU.

HONOLULU, September, 1899.

Mountainous islands lying in the path of the trade winds have two climates. As the steady breeze strikes the highlands, its burden of moisture is condensed into clouds and rain. On the leeward slope the breeze pours down, dragging with it lovely fleecy cloudlets which vanish as the temperature rises, and, while they persist, bring with them only a remnant of moisture. Thus all the islands have a wet, or windward, and a dry side, in accordance with which their native vegetation is distributed. As one approaches the Hawaiian Islands from the northeast, which is the quarter from which their trade winds blow, steep mountainsides are seen, clothed with dense vegetation, often descending almost vertically to the sea. Above is a flocculent mist, obscuring the peaks, in a state of perpetual unrest. The island of Oahu comprises two ranges of mountains, reaching a height of about 4,000 feet, with a wide intervening valley, all trending in a generally northwest and southeast direction, at right angles to the trade wind. The short, steep, windward slope is continually drenched; the leeward heights, where the wind and mist press through between the peaks, are showery, while the broad low region beyond has so little surface moisture that, without irrigation, it would be, and originally was, an arid plain. A few streams traverse it, fed from the heights, and opposite their mouths the fringing coral reefs are interrupted. Such an opening constitutes the entrance to the harbor of Honolulu. A few miles further west, Pearl Harbor enters the lowland axis of the island, and, by its vertical shores of coral rock mixed with thin sheets of lava, testifies to an origin geologically different.

The outer roadstead leads by a narrow channel, carefully buoyed, to the small but excellent harbor of Honolulu. As one looks landward before entering, a mass of arboreal vegetation largely conceals the town, which stretches for ten or twelve miles along the shore. To the east the crater of Diamond Head rises to the height of 700 feet, and, seen in profile, from some points of view, singularly resembles a couchant lion. Behind the middle of the town rises a more circular crater known as the Punch-

bowl. To the northwest lie Pearl Harbor and several great sugar plantations, which clothe with vivid green the ruddy soil of decomposed lava. Behind all this, to the northeast, rises a nearly continuous mountain ridge, slashed with narrow valleys which run up into the perennial and ever-changing belt of clouds. Down these valleys comes the vivifying breath of the trade wind, frequently accompanied by very gentle showers. Without this wind, the place would be uninhabitable or very disagreeable. With it, for those who like warm weather tempered by cool nights, it is delightful. For some weeks the thermometer has fluctuated between 75 degrees at midnight and 85 degrees at noon, and these conditions, I am told, are typical. The direct rays of the sun are very hot; in the shade one can read or work quietly without noticeable perspiration and no discomfort. The climate is one in which white men can do manual labor with about the same discomfort as in the valley of California or in eastern Oregon; in neither place is the temptation to muscular activity great.

Honolulu is a town where, outside the business quarter, the houses stand in their own gardens, shaded by magnificent trees and adorned by a multitude of flowering or decorative shrubs. It seems almost incredible that, of all this beauty, next to none is native to the island. When Cook and Vancouver visited the group, the native settlement on Oahu was at Waikiki, between the slopes of Diamond Head and the sea. More than thirty years later the settlement of Honolulu was begun, determined by the presence of the harbor. Contemporary prints show a bare slope without shrubbery, and supporting only a few coconut trees. Here the missionaries started their schools and churches, and here the government, following commerce, was finally established. Later, chiefly through the intelligent efforts of the late Dr. Hillebrand, the tropics of the world were searched for useful and ornamental trees and shrubs. Hundreds were imported, and the result is what we see. The botanist who knew them all would have a tolerable idea of the best part of the arboreal flora of the tropics, and it is perhaps not wonderful that I have found few of the residents who could supply the name and origin of the greater number. The most conspicuous and finest shade tree is the so-called "monkey-pod" (*Pithecolobium*), which resembles in its form the grand oaks of California, but bears an exquisite fringed blossom of delicate pink and white. Its leaves are deciduous in winter. By far the most striking tree is the Royal Poinciana, with magnificent dense bunches of most brilliant scarlet flowers, which remain for months in all their glory. The stately *Barringtonia* is also here, and anything more delicate than its blossoms—which exhibit a crown, four inches across, of fine white stamens with golden anthers—is difficult to imagine. Its curious octohedral fruit is covered with a polished cortex, and the grated kernel is used by the Micronesian natives to bring to the surface, stupefied, the fish of ponds into which it is thrown. The royal palm is very common, and the coco, date, and sago palms abundant. Towards the suburbs the algaroba finds a means of living in the rockiest and most arid stretches, and the gloomy needles of the ironwood (*Casuarina*) are not uncommon. The banana is everywhere, the breadfruit, tamarind, papaya, and alligator pear not rare. Of smaller

growth are the *Thevetia*, with its golden trumpets and fruity perfume; a multitude of varieties of canna, croton, and caladium, with beautifully varied leaves; and hedges of resplendent hibiscus, scarlet, crimson, and white, or pink and white *phyllanthus* and oleander. Few herbaceous flowering plants are seen, but the pretty native custom of stringing the petals of the tree-flowers into garlands, which are commonly worn, makes up in part for the absence of the others. One must not omit to notice various sources of perfume better known to most of us by the names on perfumers' bottles than as actual flowers. The night-blooming cereus grows in thickets along some of the stone walls; frangipani, ylang-ylang, and gardenia appear in half the gardens.

All this beauty is dependent upon irrigation; a six months' drought would wreck almost the whole of it. The water is derived from artesian wells, streams, or upland reservoirs, all of which depend on the mountain rainfall. The dryness of the earth is surprising. There seems to be hardly any capillary circulation of moisture, and I am told plants will wilt and die within two feet of a trench full of water; the irrigation must be applied directly to the ground about the roots.

Sir Joseph Banks, in his journal of Cook's first voyage, lately published after resting in manuscript for more than a century, writing at Batavia (renowned for its fruits), gives a chapter to estimation of tropical fruits. As far as my experience has gone, Banks's estimate of their quality seems to me admirably just. In temperate climes we now receive tropical fruit in great perfection, of most of the kinds which are worth having at all. But most tropical fruit—leaving out the orange, lemon, grape-fruit, cocoanut, pineapple, and banana, all of which are readily obtainable in all civilized regions—is far inferior to the fruit of the temperate zone. There is nothing in the tropics to take the place of the luscious berries of the North or the peaches, pears, and apples of temperate climes. Owing to the ignorance of the cultivators, the fruit here, besides being extremely dear, is very poor. The only fruit found in the markets which I thought better than that obtainable in the States is the pineapple. The oranges are very poor and acid, the cocoanuts small, and the grape-fruit wretched compared with the same fruits from California or the West Indies. Better things may be had from private gardens, and there is no reason why the fruit should not be as good as anywhere, except the ignorance or indifference of the growers. The Chinese are the chief farmers, and with vegetables and cereals they seem to do well. The poi, the national dish of Hawaii, is now nearly all made by Chinamen, who grow the taro from which it is made. The market-gardeners are all Chinese, and their success with rice is so good that they can afford to pay forty dollars a year rent per acre for well-situated rice lands. These they make produce two, or somewhat more than two, crops a year.

If the flora is almost wholly exotic, the fauna, limited as it is, is not less so. In the weeks I have passed here I have not seen a native bird. The impudent English sparrow, has arrived from Australia, and a Javanese brown and white bird, like a robin, erroneously known here as the mynah, is quite common. The common dove is abundant, but to see a native bird of any

kind one must climb the mountains. A very shy little lizard occasionally darts from one covert to another, and is the only indigenous land-vertebrate strangers are likely to see. There is a fish market where very beautiful sea-fish may often be seen, and the ancient native fish-ponds still exist as valuable property, but the fish are common to other tropical regions. To cap the climax, the mosquitoes are said to have been imported, and a circumstantial story is told of some Nantucket whaler who, to revenge himself for some slight, emptied barrels of water from Mexico, containing mosquito-larvæ, into one of the fresh-water basins. The probability of this story being true is somewhat diminished by the fact that, in the '40s, an analogous story was told Herman Melville, to account for the mosquitoes at Tahiti.

The imported plants and animals, as usual in such cases, have not proved an unmixed blessing. The lantana, well known in old-fashioned gardens, was introduced here as a flowering plant, and created no damage until the mynah bird came and distributed the seeds far and wide in its droppings. Now the lantana forms an almost impenetrable thorny chaparral over the uncultivated mountain-sides, and has greatly added to the natural difficulties of mountain exploration. Much in the same way the "golden drop" acacia, often cultivated in greenhouses for its perfumed yellow flower-balls, has here become a pest by growing in thickets on the dry lowlands. A big black carpenter bee which has been accidentally introduced from China, bores into posts, etc., of soft wood with the fury of a teredo. The experience of the cane-planters with the mongoose is similar to that of Jamaican sugar-growers, but fortunately less serious. These experiences have led to various precautions against undesirable immigrants, which may in future prove efficacious.

The population of Honolulu is truly cosmopolitan; Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiians, Portuguese, and most other nations contributing to it. It was with a feeling of unwonted satisfaction that I have watched the passers-by on the crowded street. The brown people move about with a cheerful self-confidence, whatever their race, accosting each other and the whites with an easy bearing indicative of reciprocal respect. And hitherto there has been no color-line here. Conduct, not complexion, has governed the standing of individuals. If a man was able, honest, well-bred, his fellow-citizens have not questioned his tint. The last valedictorian of Oahu College was a young Chinese student who stood at the head of his class. Coeducation has brought mutual appreciation and respect among the different races. I speak, of course, of the public and business sides of life; in private, as everywhere else in the world, birds of a feather flock together. The reluctance with which the native Hawaiian has accepted annexation is undoubtedly due chiefly to his fear that the brutal-race prejudices which have disgraced the United States so often before the world, may find a lodgment here.

To a temporary sojourner the Hawaiians present much of interest. Some of their virtues and graces appeal to all the world; the mixture of blood so common here has produced types of unusual beauty, and fine athletic figures abound. But a certain inconsequence of thought, a tropical indo-

lence and sexual laxity have handicapped the race too heavily. It is well-known that, in the first days of civilized intercourse, there were practically two castes among the natives, the nobility and the common people, who differed in complexion and physique as well as social status. The noble blood no longer exists in purity; the last chief of the caste was Lunaillo; those who have followed him are of mixed descent. Sensual indulgence and disease have wiped out the ruling caste. The common people, who were the unresisting subjects of an absolute ruler, and were accustomed to be directed in the simplest matters by their chiefs, do not offer much prospect of becoming practical, business-like citizens, though occasional exceptions to this general rule may be noted. Physically, the race is decadent, and will perish from the earth, or become absorbed in other nationalities.

The Japanese hereabouts are the best looking of the brown races, but they are far from realizing the ideals of Sir Edwin Arnold or Lafcadio Hearn. The class brought here as plantation laborers are, on the whole, dull-witted rustics, with little of the courtesy or refinement which we have been taught to expect from people of their race. Morally, they are worse than the Hawaiians, who sin through abounding passion, while these Japanese buy, sell, and exchange their women on a purely commercial basis. They are great gamblers, and on all grounds the least desirable inhabitants of these islands. They appear to bear to the better classes of Japanese such a relation as the Chinese of California bear to the better classes of China. Probably every country has the kind of Chinaman it deserves. Coming with some dislike of the Chinese, due to observation of those in California, I have been obliged by my experience here to revise my opinion. Here the Chinese exhibit their usual virtues of temperance, persistent industry, and orderly disposition. To these they have added good morals, family life, and a great desire to learn. Their children go to school, they come with their parents, in flocks, to look at the specimens in the Bishop Museum, they make all small industries their own. They are, in short, good citizens who would be a benefit to any community in the tropics.

The Portuguese are numerous here and mostly well employed at good wages. Many are stone-cutters, and, after the expiration of their labor-contracts, have settled down as mechanics or skilled laborers. It is a delight to see the little Portuguese girls, in clean white dresses with bright trimmings, satchel in hand, trooping daily to school past my lodgings. That race is not especially comely, but, when lightened with a few drops of Hawaiian blood, the result is often something dazzling.

As a town Honolulu is peculiar in its numerous charities, schools, institutions, and churches, in which, among towns of equal population, it would be hard to find its equal. It has never forgotten its missionary origin, and, besides its local missions to the Chinese and Japanese, maintains missions of its own in the Orient. Many of the local establishments are due to the generosity of the old Hawaiian nobility, and will preserve their memories in respect when their frailties are forgotten. The houses are for the most part plain, suited to the climate, without cellars or chimneys, but with generous verandas. It is not a

place where the housewife will take much comfort. Notwithstanding the fertility of the soil when irrigated, fruit, vegetables—in fact, all local products—are surprisingly high; meats are very poor, and the cost of imported articles is of course not low. With intelligence and a garden much can be done, but the town-dweller's lot here is difficult. The servants are chiefly Orientals. Unfortunately, the hotels and restaurants are very inferior, and the sojourner must put up with poor food and service, at prices which at first seem quite unreasonable. American enterprise will soon remedy the worst of these annoyances, and the self-interest of the local population will in time take care of the rest. W. H. D.

ENGLISH OCTOBER.

FRIMLEY GREEN, October 11, 1899.

I have been wondering, ever since I began my experiment of life in the English country, whether the climate had been slandered or changed. I gave you some time since my experience of a winter on the South Coast—experience which had to be concluded with the summer, as the heat, not so great as that of an Italian summer, but more humid and oppressive, made Bournemouth unfit for a permanent residence, and compelled me to look farther north for a medium climate where neither the heat of summer nor the cold of winter would be an obstacle to a settlement. It was like going into a new country, and led to explorations, for a home cannot be chosen by others' experience. I wandered over large part of Surrey, Sussex, and a part of Hampshire, finding many charming and picturesque places, but nothing that gave the *quantum suff.* of solitude and the soil and vegetation I desired. A chance led me to look at the house (Deepdene) from which I write, in the "Farnborough pine woods," and I was struck by the resemblance of the face of the country to that about Bournemouth, and later found that it was on the same formation as that of the Bournemouth district, viz., the "Bag-shot sand." Here, like an island, in a country mainly of clay which stretches to London, crops out an expanse of land which we should call in America pine barrens—a poor, thin soil, almost worthless for agriculture, and consisting of a few inches of pine mould on many of gravel, under which, but too far down to be of any utility to the farmer, is a deep bed of loam; nowhere any clay. Under the superficial stratum of the soil is a singular layer of indurated gravel, heavily charged with iron-rust and known as the "rust," which has apparently, and according to the local belief, the power of preventing the roots of the trees from penetrating to the under soil. At all events, until it is broken up, nothing but firs are to be got from the land. When this "rust" is broken by trenching, oaks, chestnuts, and birches grow abundantly with some other trees. The soil drains rapidly—too much so for good gardening, but it gives as recompense an entire freedom from standing water on the surface, and easy drainage, so that an hour after a rain there remains nothing of it on the surface. The result is that dryness of the atmosphere which I found at Bournemouth, accompanied, in the pine lands, by the same absence of insect and insect-catching bird-life I noticed there. As a penalty, the flora of the district is not interesting,

though the rhododendrons flourish as at Bournemouth. The same salubrity obtains here as in the southern district, but, as we are not yet in winter, I have to depend on my neighbors of longer residence for information on this subject. They tell me that, during the last eight years at least, there has no snow fallen to lie. We have wanted more rain all the summer, and even now there is not too much, and the soil drains so rapidly that we need always some water-storage where we pretend to do any gardening. But we have excellent water laid on from a local water-works.

We find at intervals of half-a-mile a few neighbors who have drifted here to profit by the salubrity of the situation, retired officers and business men who prefer to live at a certain distance from London (an hour by rail), and invalids who are aware of the advantages of the position. The Government has profited, too, and has established here the depots and camps of Aldershot; and the little manœuvres are carried on over the heaths which form the greater part of the surface. Here is Wellington College, the military school, and Sandhurst; and Tommy Atkins abounds, to the great detriment of the domestic service, for the worst feature of life in the district is the difficulty of getting female domestics. Our particular corner is like a bit of the margin of the Adirondacks. On three sides of Deepdene stretch vast pine woods, and all the military establishments are from eight to ten miles from us. From my windows no other house can be seen, though the high road runs in front of the door. My grounds are woodland, as nearly primitive as anything in England that I know, and the squirrels come into my back yard to forage. A hundred yards from my front yard runs the Basingstoke canal, an enterprise of the last century intended to furnish water communication between London and Southampton, but which had crawled only as far as Basingstoke when railways were projected and believed in. This arrested the enterprise, and since the railways have gone into operation the canal has been abandoned, except by holiday boatmen and an occasional barge loaded with bricks. Consequent on the breaking up of the earth, the canal is lined in many parts by a dense deciduous forest, and on this is my southern outlook. One could hardly imagine that, within an hour from London, a place so solitary and remote from agriculture could be found. We hear the rumble of the trains on two of the great railway systems, and the post and telegraph office is fifteen minutes' walk, and now and then a carriage passes our door, but for all else we might be in almost any woodland district of New York State. And yet they talk of England's being crowded!

I suppose the weather this year has been in some respects exceptional, but more glorious autumn days I have never lived through in any country. The sober autumn tints of this climate are stealing into the dense veil of leafage which walls us in, more golden and less brilliant than our own, but also more glowing; and the gold of the brackens carpets the woodland. The chestnuts are ripening in our little wood, and the squirrels are darting about among the dead leaves as busy as the bees, that do not visit us, though the ground is honey-combed with the pits in which the squirrels hide their store for a later day. The jays are screaming through the trees, and the dear

little robins which abound here, and are so friendly that they sometimes take the crumbs from our hands, are still singing until nightfall as cheerfully as in summer. Their notes, like a somewhat husky imitation of those of their congener, our Arctic bluebird, come to me with a pathos no other European note ever has, not only because of its being the note of "robin red-breast," but because of its recalling the sweetest note of our home voices, the first sweet singer of our spring, the "blue robin," remembrance of which always breeds nostalgia in me. We have in the woods around fifty species of birds, and in the early summer the nightingale abounds; the sweet-voiced and cheery blackbird comes for his crumbs to the door, and the thrush, the linnet, the green-finch, and many others come to draw on our bank in anticipation of the payments they will make us in the songs of the coming summer. They are welcome, and as long as bread holds out, no feathered fellow of them all shall go from our doors hungry while the winter lasts.

W. J. STILLMAN.

Correspondence.

INDIAN SLAVE-TRADE IN LOUISIANA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A memoir on Louisiana in 1717 has just been printed at New Orleans in French in *L'Athénée Louisianais*, from the original manuscript in the hands of Dr. Devron, who describes its provenance. The author, Le Maire, a priest already long a colonist, was one of those agents who often told the French Government wholesome truths they could learn from no other source. No other correspondents were so well informed or so independent of colonial officials. Accordingly, the Jesuit Relations from Canada have become world-famous and incline us to hearken to similar reports from other regions.

The whole relation of Le Maire deserves translation and a wider circulation than the New Orleans magazine can give it. His criticisms on the French policy and administration were justified by the subsequent history of Louisiana. His account of the Indian slave-trade reads like a chapter from the annals of Guinea, and will be a revelation to those of us who have believed that we had seen all phases of Southern slavery in the copious details of Gayarré and Martin. In the lowest deep a lower deep still opens.

Treating of a reform which seemed vital to colonial success, Father Le Maire thus wrote:

"It is of great importance to prevent traders and *coureurs de bois* from buying and selling for slaves the savages, even of distant nations, who have never done us any harm, as the Paducahs and other tribes of the Missouri and Red River, from whom we have received only good offices; but we ought above all to punish severely those traders who, for the profit of their trade in slaves, entice the tribes to war against each other, and make them wage it with unheard-of cruelties, although the unfortunates who are thus destroyed have never struck a blow at us or our allies. These hostilities, carried on by us or by our allies at our instigation, must fearfully set the savages against the French, and hinder the discoveries to be made in the West. These traders, in order to screen themselves from the just chastisement which

their criminal business deserves, are accustomed, like the wolf in the fable, to blame the poor savages for hostilities which, on their part, are usually only a just defence against the brutality of those traders themselves. It would therefore be best to interdict entirely the trade in Indian slaves.

"From this interdict many advantages would result, the principal of which, besides those which I have already touched, would be: (1.) We shall cut off at the root many wars which the savages now keep up with each other solely on account of the lucrative sale they make of their captives to traders, who afterward resell them, as well in this colony as to Spaniards, and on vessels which come to our port, so that they are sold for a third time on the islands. (2.) We shall thus correct one of the greatest disorders, which comes from the youths of the country, even soldiers, almost all buying slaves, girls or women, to serve them as concubines. This practice prevents their establishing themselves in legitimate marriage, and hence checks the growth of the colony. Most children conceived in illicit unions perish before birth, through diabolical abortions to which there is too much reason to fear their masters are accessory for concealing their own guilt. A third advantage to be derived from this interdiction of Indian slaves is that the young colonists sent hither from France would find situations in which they could be employed until able by themselves to carry on some little business. This opportunity they do not find, because savage slaves are used as domestics, although they are very bad."

Gayarré and Martin remark that about 500 hostile Indians (made prisoners by treachery) were shipped to Hispaniola and sold as slaves in 1732. Only this do we find in their pages concerning the Indian slave-trade. The sin, however, was not accidental, but had become a trade fifteen years before, as is shown by Father Le Maire.

J. D. B.

Notes.

The family of the late Dr. Daniel Garrison Brinton have requested Mr. Stewart Culin of the University of Pennsylvania to prepare a memoir of this distinguished Americanist. Mr. Culin is desirous of obtaining copies of Dr. Brinton's letters and other literary materials, which may be sent him at the University of Pennsylvania.

Cassell & Co. announce a Complete Illustrated Catalogue of the Paintings in the National Gallery, London, edited by Sir Edward Poynter, President of the Royal Academy and Director of the National Gallery. It will be issued in three volumes containing about 1,060 pages of text and between 1,300 and 1,400 illustrations. Every picture has been specially photographed for this work by Edwin Bale, R.I. Volumes I. and II. will deal with the Old Masters (Foreign Schools), and will be published in December; the third, in the autumn of 1900, 250 of the 1,000 numbered copies are assigned to the United States. The size will be convenient (12½x8¾ in. for the paper).

This enterprise coincides in time with the independent issue, by the Berlin Photographic Co. (New York, No. 14 East Twenty-third Street), of the masterpieces of the National Gallery, of which a sample has been sent us—No. 672, Rembrandt's portrait of himself. This is an excellent photographure, of which the plate is 14x18. The series will parallel that from the Hermitage and the Prado; by the same firm.

From E. P. Dutton & Co. we are to have directly 'Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century,' with biographical notices by Max Rooses, six etchings by Ph. Zilchen, as many photographure plates, and more than 200 other illustrations.

Truslove, Hanson & Comba have nearly ready 'Studies in Some Famous Letters,' by J. C. Bailey; 'Tales from Boccaccio,' done into English by Joseph Jacobs, and illustrated by Byam Shaw; and 'The Popular Hand-book of the British Constitution,' by J. Johnston.

Dodd, Mead & Co., who will publish in this country Tolstoi's new story, 'The Resurrection,' announce a necessary delay on account of the author's pause in composition because of the strain experienced in producing a serial.

The Shakspeare Press of New York city, whose place of business is in Westfield, N. J., will publish during the coming winter the first of two volumes on the 'Allusive Poesy of William Shakspeare,' by Frederick C. Hunt of the Oklahoma bar.

A philosophical poem, 'Christus Victor,' by Dr. Henry M. Dodge, is in the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, are to issue a moderate-priced edition of Dean Plumptre's translation of Dante, and 'French Modal Auxiliaries,' by Dr. Alfred Hennequin.

The forthcoming volume II. of the *Annals* of the Lowell Observatory, established and maintained at Flagstaff, Arizona, by Mr. Percival Lowell of Boston, embraces two distinct lines of investigation: first, the observations of Mars during the two most recent oppositions by Mr. Lowell himself, assisted by Miss Leonard, Mr. Douglass, and Mr. Drew, in 1896, and in 1899, when the canals were well seen, although Mars was at his farthest; and second, researches on Jupiter and his satellites by Mr. Douglass and Prof. W. H. Pickering. In the main the observational work has been done with a 24-inch telescope, the last product of the late Alvan G. Clark; and from November, 1896, to March, 1897, it was employed at Tacubaya, a suburb of Mexico, in the hope of finding superior atmospheric conditions there. This well-equipped observatory is specifically occupied with the subject of planetary physics, a department of astronomical research hitherto sadly neglected, in so far as systematic endeavor is concerned; and the exceptionally fine and steady atmosphere requisite for this sort of work has been for years an especial quest of Mr. Lowell and Mr. Douglass, who have added greatly to our knowledge of the particular conditions affecting the atmosphere as an optical medium. The elusive *Gegenschein*, too, and the filmy zodiacal light have not escaped their notice, though not strictly planetary phenomena; and a later volume upon these subjects is in preparation.

If any one likes Gibson pictures, he will like Mr. C. D. Gibson's 'Sketches in Egypt' (Doubleday & McClure Co.). It consists mostly of Gibson girls and attendant young men posed against a background of pyramids and donkeys. A Gibson girl on p. 27 is disguised as "A Daughter of the Nile," and is carrying a water-pot to help her hold up her chin. On p. 37 a retiring lion-headed figure is shrinking before the gaze of two others of the same sisterhood, and turning in his toes in his nervousness. Sometimes there isn't even the disguise of the background; a few of the pictures might be

anywhere—in New York or the Philippines. Others, again, are different. There is a view of Beni Hassan that is absolutely good; it reminds strongly of the manner of Daniel Vierge. Another on p. 74 is also good; it is quite like a Pennell. But generally there is nothing characteristically Egyptian about this book. It has a certain amount of Oriental furniture and decoration; nothing that stands out as Egyptian spirit and atmosphere. It will, however, find approval among the lovers of its kind; many of the pictures are very pretty.

'A Hundred Fables of Æsop, from the English Version of Sir Roger L'Estrange, with Pictures by Percy J. Billingham and an Introduction by Kenneth Grahame' is the title of a very pretty book issued by John Lane of the Bodley Head. Mr. Grahame's part will be unintelligible to the young reader and will not overmuch delight the elder, and could well be spared. The illustrations are all full-page and occasionally attain a decorative success, but they are really amateurish delineations on a scale too large for the artist's powers, and the beasts are quite expressionless. Being pen-drawings, these designs have the monotony of the black line, and afford an instructive contrast to a like series of woodcuts, such as Bewick's offer in this particular, to say nothing of that master's skill as a draughtsman of "natural history" and as a humorist. Of humor Mr. Billingham shows no trace. L'Estrange's version is not to be banished wholly from the modern nursery, perhaps, though it needs an interpreter, and is really the best thing in the book.

Mr. G. H. Pike's 'Oliver Cromwell and his Times' (Lippincott) may not unfairly be termed a volume of the centenary type. "It therefore behoves Protestants of all denominations and of all political parties to celebrate the 300th anniversary of Oliver Cromwell's birth on April 25, 1899, as a red-letter day in the annals of Free and Protestant England." Such is the sentence with which the book closes, and it faithfully reflects the author's general tone. As a contribution to the literature of a given year, Mr. Pike's sketch may perhaps be called "timely," but we cannot believe that it will enjoy an enduring fame. Even apart from its extreme one-sidedness, it is not well enough put together to be a good tract on behalf of the "Protestantism of the Protestant Religion." In illustration of this statement we would point to what Mr. Pike says about Strafford, and to what he does not say about Cromwell in Ireland.

Mr. Frank H. Severance's 'Old Trails on the Niagara Frontier' (Buffalo: The Author) is a very entertaining series of papers indeed. Each essay centres about a separate topic in border history—sometimes an exploit, sometimes a piece of biography, and sometimes an extended episode. There are, besides the strictly historical sketches, a little piece of romance called "The Paschal of the Great Pinch," and an account of what the poets have written concerning Niagara. Mr. Severance is more than a local antiquary. He has, in addition to a large amount of information, the truly sympathetic spirit which finds its solace in the glories and the pathos of a former age. He writes with animation, and his subjects are well chosen. Chronologically, his range extends from the Recollet missionaries to the Underground Railway. We commend

this book to all who take an interest in the Great Lakes and in the picturesque aspects of American history.

The vitality of historical studies at Somerville College, Oxford, is vouched for by Miss K. D. Ewart's 'Cosimo de' Medici' ('Foreign Statesmen'; Macmillan) and Miss Eva Scott's 'Rupert, Prince Palatine' (Putnam's). Both writers have been "scholars" of Somerville College, and their works attest the quality of their nurture. Miss Scott's life of Prince Rupert is unconnected with any series, and, as an independent piece of biography, can marshal in large numbers its footnotes and other signs of erudition. With Miss Ewart the case is different. She conforms to the laws which have been fixed by an editor, and can cite her main authorities only in a brief appendix of two pages. Yet, while the "Foreign Statesmen" series maintains a rigorous censorship of footnotes, Miss Ewart is given ample opportunity in the text to display her large stock of first-hand knowledge. So much more has been published about Lorenzo than about Cosimo that we should gladly criticise this volume at some length were there an indefinite amount of space at our command. As it is, we can only commend the book at large. This we do without hesitation, adding that Miss Ewart has not retouched the lines of Cosimo's character at many points. She depicts him as the moving force of Florence, and, "in spite of his cold manner and cynical wit," her favorite. "Cosimo's wisdom taught him how to identify himself with all her interests, to make himself appear to his fellow-citizens as the Florentine among Florentines, the 'pillar, fountain, and banner' of the State, the 'father of his country.'"

Miss Scott's 'Rupert' makes a larger volume than the other product of Somerville College which we have just noticed, and it examines a career which has been rather neglected by recent historians. Cavalier sentiment is not wholly extinct even yet, if we can judge from such sumptuous books as Allan Fea's 'Flight of the King' and Edward Almack's edition of the 'Eikon Basilike.' Accordingly, one feels some degree of surprise that Stuart devotees should have passed over Rupert and left him for a sober historian like Miss Scott. She does not shut an eye to his violent temper, nor to his conduct after Marston Moor, when "despair seized on his soul, and he sought to drown the bitterness of memory in sensual indulgences." Political history hardly enters into this work "except so far as it concerns the Prince." "Nevertheless," Miss Scott adds, "the study of Prince Rupert's personal career throws valuable side-lights on the history of the war, and especially upon the internal dissensions which tore the Royalist party to pieces and were a principal cause of its ultimate collapse." The traits of Rupert's character do not admit of novel interpretation, and the best feature of Miss Scott's book is, it seems to us, the by-product described in the sentence which we have just quoted. She has discovered a great deal about Royalist quarrels, and skillfully portrays the different feuds in which Rupert was involved with members of his own party. The least satisfactory part is chapter xix., where a meagre notice of the Prince's laboratory work and inventions is given. We should like to know all that can be ascertained of his scientific habits. Barring this limitation, Miss Scott's Life

of the Prince Palatine may be called very satisfactory.

The Bishop of London's 'Queen Elizabeth,' first published in 1896, has just been reissued in a different guise (Longmans). The numerous illustrations which accompanied the original edition have been omitted, and in their stead appears a single plate of the Queen. The volume, too, is published in small size. At the head of a new preface, Dr. Creighton declares that his purpose has been "to illustrate a character rather than to write the history of a time," but he adds no list of fresh authorities. Altogether, the book deserves republication in its present neat and cheap form.

We have already noticed at some length the first part of Prof. Blok's 'Geschiedenis van het Nederlandsche Volk,' which is being translated in successive instalments by Miss Ruth Putnam (Putnam's). This standard history of the Netherlands (and it is one which should satisfy all ordinary requirements) now moves forward from the beginning of the fifteenth century to the death of Charles V. The second volume, therefore, covers the period of Burgundian ascendancy, and closes on the threshold of distinctively Spanish rule. Prof. Blok did not intend, when he began his *opus*, to write of this epoch at such great length as he has done. But, on second thoughts, it seemed to him "more and more desirable to give a complete exposition, first, of the reasons which contributed to the rapid rise of Burgundian power in the Netherlands, and, secondly, of the organization of the Burgundian monarchy itself in the days of Charles V. and Philip." We watch the rapid disappearance of petty feudal units in one strong and wealthy state, and then the fortunes of this state in its artificial relations with alien, widely scattered lands. Probably, however, Prof. Blok would have dismissed the Burgundian era in less than 400 pages but for the bearing of its social aspects upon the development of the republic. Political history with him is never disconnected from social history, nor is it made to stand upon a higher plane of importance. Among the topics which are specially treated in detail we may mention a clear account of the Vehmgericht. Ever since Scott in 'Anne of Geierstein' rendered the English world familiar with this Westphalian institution, a considerable degree of curiosity has been felt regarding it. Prof. Blok also writes well of the Flemish guilds. The translation seems adequate, and we shall await with interest the appearance of the concluding volumes.

Prof. F. M. Colby's 'Outlines of General History' (New York: American Book Company) is a compact, well-considered, and well-written book. Starting out with a recognition of three main periods—ancient, to 476 A. D.; mediæval, from 476 to 1453; and modern, from 1453 forward—it allots a little less than two-fifths of its space to the first, one-fifth to the second, and a little more than two-fifths to the third. The chapters are short, averaging about eight pages in length. Each paragraph discusses a separate topic, and heavy leaded type is used to advantage by not being used too much. Prof. Colby apparently does not think that bibliographies are a necessary adjunct of such a manual as he has prepared, since he gives none, but at the end of every chapter he has placed a succinct list of subjects for review. His best constituency

he will find, we think, in the freshman class of colleges where the requirements for entrance are rather exiguous. His style is clear and not dry, he employs dates very judiciously, and his general method is characterized by a good mixture of narrative and explanation. The book is profusely illustrated, and the cuts maintain a fair standard of excellence. There is no superfluous lumber about it whatever, and we can see no reason why, in spite of two or three strong competitors already in the field, it should not do extremely well. One excellent feature is the index. We have never seen one so full in this or any other kind of historical publication. Ninety columns of entries, closely printed, accompany 563 pages of text.

We have received a volume of a new English translation of the Babylonian Talmud by Michael L. Rodkinson (New York: New Talmud Publishing Company). It is volume viii., and completes one of the six *Seder*s or principal divisions of that gigantic thesaurus—the one entitled *Mo'ed*, or Festival. The volume contains three tracts, *Ta'anith*, or Fasting, *Megilla*, on the reading of "Esther," and *Ebel Rabbathi*, or Great Mourning. The first two are among the twelve commonly reckoned to the *Seder Mo'ed*; the third is commonly printed towards the end of an edition of the Talmud; as it is regarded as of later origin and lesser authority. Still, it is the only source for Jewish usages and laws dealing with death and mourning, and Mr. Rodkinson is probably justified in introducing it in this place. The *Seder* completed with this part occupies volumes ii., iii., and iv. in the Talmud as usually bound, and as the whole Talmud extends to twelve volumes and Mr. Rodkinson's version of this *Seder* to eight (the present volume is a good-sized 8vo of 269 pages), it will easily be seen how huge an undertaking we have here. There can be little doubt of the great value of such a translation as this. All students of primitive law and custom, of folk-lore and the transmission of stories, will find in it rich material. Thus the book may be commended not only to those interested in things specifically Jewish, but also to the wider public. It is hard to say what it may not contain, from reflections of the Roman codes to the origin of tales in 'The 1,001 Nights.' We trust that Mr. Rodkinson will receive encouragement to continue in the long task on which he has entered. He is a competent Talmudist, and his views and renderings must be received with respect.

The sixth half-volume of the new edition of Pauly's 'Real-Encyclopädie der Classischen Alterthumswissenschaft' (Stuttgart: Metzler), treats of subjects in classical history, geography, mythology, literature, art and general antiquities included by the titles *Campanus Ager—Claudius*. This work, which will be well-nigh indispensable to the classicist, although bearing the name of Pauly, has little else, unless it be the general plan, in common with his work, which was finished as long ago as 1852. The quality of this new edition, begun in 1894, is assured by a glance at the list of contributors, while its extent is sufficiently shown by the fact that the three large volumes—2,908 columns in all—thus far issued have not done with the letter C.

The strife for equal recognition between the old and the new in modern civilization has broken out in earnest on the

high plane of the university and the technical Hochschule in Germany. The contention is not confined to the question of conferring the doctor's degree; but the proper aim of the two kinds of institutions, and their legitimate spheres of activity in the realms of theoretical or applied science, of professional instruction or scientific investigation, are being discussed with much warmth. Prof. Riedler's inaugural address as rector of the technical Hochschule at Berlin (Leipzig: Veit & Co.), is one of the most noteworthy recent contributions to the subject, and the opinions of other academical teachers are to be found in several articles in *Hochschul-Nachrichten* for the four months June-September. Dr. Riedler gives the following interesting statistics concerning the preparation of students in the technical Hochschule and in the philosophical faculty of the University of Berlin. In the former institution, 87 per cent. of the 1999 German students (in 1897-98) were holders of a graduating certificate from some higher secondary school, 54 per cent. came from gymnasia, 39 per cent. from *real* gymnasia, and 7 per cent. from *oberreal* schools; in the University only 70 per cent. of the 1,503 Prussian students held such certificates (66 per cent., 30 per cent., 4 per cent., respectively from the three classes of preparatory schools). In other words, in the philosophical faculty of the University 30 per cent., in the Hochschule only 13 per cent., of the students were without diplomas from secondary schools.

The *Association Review* (Philadelphia), the first number of which has just appeared, is published under the auspices of the American Association to promote the teaching of speech to the deaf. Though the organ of an association having for its end what may be termed technical work, "it will aim to be an educational magazine upon broad lines, and with a scope to embrace the whole field of educational effort." Among its contents are a suggestive paper by Prof. J. M. Tyler of Amherst, on the "Teacher and the State," in which he pleads for a scientific system of education "based on the history of man's development, on the grand foundation of biological history." Of unique interest is the description of his university experiences by Mr. A. L. Fecheimer, a deaf student, who has just completed the architectural course at Columbia, in which he says: "It is my firm belief that any deaf person who can, and desires to do so, should by all means go to a hearing school, and to a college, if possible." Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the President of the Association, sketches its history, and gives statistics which abundantly justify his prediction that the time is not far distant "when speech and speech-reading will be taught to every deaf child in America." To be mentioned also is a memorial notice, with portrait, of the late Gardiner G. Hubbard. The *Review* is to appear bi-monthly from October to June, under the editorship of Mr. F. W. Booth.

M. Alfred Fouillée, in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for October 1, counts the Spanish among the peoples which, having risen to national greatness and fallen, are possessed of sufficient intellectual and moral resources to rise again. He protests against the "anti-scientific commonplaces concerning the Latin races," on the

ground that these diverse races are Latin in nothing except in civilization; "nothing is as unlike a Frenchman as is an Italian or a Spaniard, who, on their part, do not resemble each other." The French, he insists and reiterates, are not really Latin. M. Fouillée is too serious a thinker to pursue his reasoning on too slight a foundation, and his estimate of Spanish character and destiny is well supported by ethnological and historical facts. But it puzzles one to find him referring to the people of our Western States as a society in process of formation, "composed of European emigrants and Chinese."

We read in the *Library Journal* for October of an effort to form a list of children's books "with children's annotations." Miss Hewins, of the Hartford Public Library, is, very fitly, to edit it, with the aid of Miss A. C. Moore of the Pratt Institute Free Library, who will receive contributions up to June, 1900. They should be written on slips of "shelf-list" size, and convey, in brief, title and author; age, sex, and nationality of child critic; and comment.

The leaflet on Cheap Baths to which attention was called in the *Nation* some weeks since in a letter by Mr. A. J. Bloor, has, since the publication of that letter, been in such demand that the first edition of 250 copies printed for distribution gratis to those applying for it at the office of the Newport *Mercury* is entirely exhausted. A new and somewhat extended edition is being prepared, also for distribution gratis, to those applying for it to the author, E. T. Potter, No. 25 Catharine Street, Newport, R. I. Copies will be sent to those who have applied for them, but have not yet received them.

The publishers of 'Roman Life under the Cæsars,' noticed in our last issue, inform us that Prof. Émile Thomas directly authorized the publication of this translation. We had no intention of suggesting the contrary when we surmised that the author "had no hand in the reproduction," in view of the specific incongruities enumerated.

The correspondent who reported that Webster's Dictionary had nothing to say of the use of "and" for "if," desires to qualify the statement. It was true of the "Unabridged" as recently as 1881; it is no longer true of the 'International Dictionary.'

—The *Nation* loses one of its earliest friends and a most valued contributor in the person of John Codman Ropes, who died in Boston on October 27, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. Our readers are familiar with his several works as reviewed in these columns from time to time. But he came comparatively late to authorship. He graduated from Harvard College in 1857, and from its Law School in 1861, on the outbreak of the rebellion. Physically debarred from entering the volunteer service, he pursued the operations of the war with a closeness and thoroughness unsurpassed by any civilian, and came to be regarded as one of the first authorities on the conduct of the several campaigns. The cessation of hostilities did not determine his interest in the war, of which he remained an indefatigable student. He first wrote about it, in book form, in 'The Army under Pope,' one of the Scribner series of "Campaigns of the Civil War," in 1881. He returned to the subject in his own episodic 'Story of the Civil War,' of which two volumes, disposing of the first two years, were published in 1894 and 1899 respectively, and which is now interrupted

by his untimely death. Meanwhile, as the fruit of an ardent, long-cherished admiration of Bonaparte, beginning as collector, he issued his notable apologia, 'The First Napoleon,' in 1885 (a second edition in 1895), followed by 'The Campaign of Waterloo' in 1892, and his Atlas of the battle in 1893. These works have everywhere commanded the respect of critics. It is a pleasure to add that neither his Napoleonic bias nor his absorption in the study of the national uprising of 1861 made Mr. Ropes a Jingo or an imperialist. He was absolutely in accord with the *Nation* in deeming the war with Spain needless, and as making no draft on true patriotism—all Harvard College memorials to the contrary notwithstanding. The drift of the country towards military despotism gave him unconcealed concern. As a citizen Mr. Ropes was generous and public-spirited, and most loyal to his friends. With deep regret we pen this imperfect tribute to his memory.

—Vols. II.-liv. of the 'Jesuit Relations' (Cleveland: Burrows Brothers Co.) are almost wholly dominated by a single subject, the progress of missions in the Iroquois country. Under the protection of the French name which Courcelles had clothed with dread, the Jesuits, during the five years 1666-'71, went freely among the Five Nations; preaching their Gospel not only to the Onondagas and Senecas, but to the vindictive Mohawks. "Friendliness" with the Indians was always a very relative word, and when the Onéidas, after trading at the Dutch settlements, brought home sixty kegs of brandy, a scene followed which not even the optimism of a Jesuit could call encouraging. In other ways, too, the Dutch proved bad neighbors to the Iroquois. The missionary Pierron reports that they oppose the spread of Catholic truth. Heretics themselves, they discourage the conversion of the savages. But sometimes they are put to shame by the faith and arguments of these barbarous Christians. For instance, a Mohawk woman so touched their hearts that they forthwith besought her to teach them her way of prayer. One of Pierron's great inventions was a game which he called "From Point to Point." "This game speaks to good effect through its paintings, and gives sound instruction through the emblems with which it is filled. It is composed of emblems which represent all that a Christian ought to know." Then follows an enumeration of the sacraments, the theological virtues; sin, whether original, mortal, or venial; the fear of God, indulgences, and grace—all of which are portrayed by emblems. By playing this game the savages are to effect their salvation. "It is called 'From Point to Point'—that is to say, from the point of birth to the point of eternity. Our Iroquois name it 'The way to arrive at the place where one lives for ever, whether in Paradise or in Hell.'" In a word, Pierron's method was to lead the Iroquois on by easy stages from what they actually loved to what they ought to love. They were devoted to gaming and so he invented a game. There is also a good deal of important information in these volumes about Marquette at Sault Ste. Marie, and the missions of the Far West.

—Poor Shaykh Muslih ad-Din Sa'di of Shiráz has fallen on evil days, and is being scurvily treated by those calling themselves his friends. Sir Edwin Arnold has just published a translation of the first four chap-

ters of his 'Gulistan,' or Rose Garden, in Harper's Odd Number Series, over which even the poet would find it hard to be philosophical. The carelessness of translator, proof-reader (if there was any), and compositor has been phenomenal, and contrasts painfully with the beautiful get-up of the book. It is difficult to say how the blame is to be apportioned. A very carelessly written MS., and no proof-reading by the translator or any one else who knew a word of Persian, would perhaps solve part of the problem. By way of introduction there are a few pages of shrieky journalism, dotted with adjectives and picked out with exclamation marks. The style would have carried horror to the placid and art-loving soul of Sa'di. The Shaykh himself is called out of his true name into an unmeaning Maslah-uddin; his beautiful introduction is cut away with the lines that every Persian knows by heart:

"The Rose may continue to bloom for six days,
But my Rose Garden is fragrant for ever,"

and in its place is absurdly put the epilogue of the whole book. On almost every page come unintelligible Persian words in the most remarkable spellings. *Butchas, afrin, khilat, numdah, makamah, mutdallakin* cannot be very plain to the English reader; and when we are further offered such alternatives as *mohlesib, muhtasib, mohtasib, bayt, bait, bai>t*, the thing becomes hard. Some choice spellings of proper names are Abu Hareru, Abutferah ben Jasi, Nurshivan, Hakim Tai, Thalinoos; *subhan Allah* becomes *So-bahn Allah*. Doubtless in all this the printer's devil has had his own delight; but the following distich must lie at the door of the translator:

"If with a croak so damned thou read'st the Book,
The splendor from our Islam will be took."

It is difficult to speak with patience of such work as this, and it must be acknowledged that it is as bad a bit as is in the book. Yet it is but an accentuated case of the doggerel and baldness of this pseudo-translation, and marks the gulf between it and the thought-laden verses of the Persian master of style. It is to be hoped that no one will form his estimate of Shaykh Sa'di, "the cheerer of men's hearts," from what he finds here. Let him, rather, go to Eastwick, Graf, or Semelet, or even to Ross.

—The latest novel of Palacio Valdés has no trace of the gloom of recent calamities in Spain. It is entitled 'La Alegría del Capitán Ribot,' which might be translated 'Merry Captain Ribot.' It sets up the original point of view, in opposition to the whole school from 'The Sorrows of Werther' down, that there is no need of such desperate unhappiness in the state of being in love with a married woman, a virtuous spouse, even though she be hopelessly and for ever beyond one's reach. On the contrary (in this book it is so at least), it can be made the occasion for the exercise of very fine and noble qualities, for an extraordinary and most creditable kind of self-sacrifice. The moralizing at the end of the book is a little forced, and there are those who might think the thesis not thoroughly sustained except as to some exceptional cases. However this may be, Palacio Valdés, in attempting it, has written one of the most amusing books of his always entertaining series. The scene opens at Gijón, at which port Capt. Ribot, a prosperous young ship captain and contented bachelor, is just sitting down to his favorite dish at his favorite restaurant when he is called

to lend a helping hand to the mother of the heroine, who has fallen into the water. The larger part of the scene, however, is at Valencia, of which part of the Spanish Mediterranean coast there are delicious descriptions, that would almost lure one to betake himself thither at once. Ribot is a most excellent piece of character, done in full detail, and Cristina, especially in all the earlier portions of the book, is yet another of those very attractive women whom Valdés is unexcelled among his contemporaries in depicting. He shows them full of the distinctively feminine charm, even of coquetry to the permissible degree, yet quite free from grossness. His Gallic neighbors have had little or no effect upon this Spanish writer, the sanest, on the whole, the most entertaining, and probably the most valuable of his contemporary school.

—The *Cologne Gazette* (No. 729 a. c.) reports the acquisition by the Royal Museum in Berlin of a valuable papyrus that will probably settle what has all along been a serious uncertainty in Egyptian chronology, namely, the period covered by the so-called Middle Kingdom, which runs parallel with the beginnings of the real historical period of the Western peoples. Between Unger's date of 3315 B. C. for the opening of this period and Prof. Eduard Meyer's 2130 there was a divergency of about twelve centuries. The new evidence, which consists of a collection of temple archives found in a city established in Fayum, by King Usurtesen II. of the period under consideration, contains, among other things of an astronomical character, the statement that on the 25th day of the 7th calendar month of the 7th year of King Usurtesen III. the ascent or first appearance of Sirius would take place on the 16th day of the 8th month. Applying the Oppolzer method, as has been so successfully done in settling the beginning and the end of other periods of Egyptian history on the basis of such astronomical statements, Dr. Brix has determined that the statement of the papyrus could be true only between the years 1876 and 1873 B. C.; so that the period covered by the famous twelfth dynasty, to which King Usurtesen belonged, could be only between 1996-1993 and 1783-1780 B. C., or fully 150 years later than the lowest estimate hitherto. These conclusions are based on the calculations of so good an authority as Dr. Borchardt. On the other hand, Dr. Eduard Glaser, in the *Beilage* of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Munich, No. 213, while warmly commending these conclusions, endeavors to prove that this chronological readjustment will materially change the face of the Oriental history of the period. By a combination of data drawn chiefly from monumental sources, he shows the wonderful contemporary spread of the Phœnician power and the attempt of this people to establish a world's empire, notably as exemplified by the rule of the famous but historically so enigmatical Hyksos or Shepherd Kings of Egypt. Glaser maintains that the new chronology of the Berlin papyrus practically reconciles the chronology of the Scriptures in reference to the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt with that of non-Biblical sources.

JOHN MURRAY FORBES.

Letters and Recollections of John Murray Forbes. Edited by his daughter, Sarah

Forbes Hughes. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mrs. Hughes has made of her father's letters and recollections one of the most interesting of American biographies. And yet she has not sought to tell the story of his life, which, if related in any detail, would, in the case of a man whose activity was so burning and varied, have been well-nigh unreadable. She has, in truth, never lost her sense of proportion—a thing that can rarely be said of the author or authoress, or even editor, of the biography of a near relative. The domestic importance of certain events in a man's career is often sadly out of proportion to their public importance, and the letters and papers which throw the family into sorrow or admiration are often read with weariness by stranger eyes. These rocks Mrs. Hughes has found it easy to avoid. She has had to deal with an individuality so strong that he never seemed to sink below the great current of public affairs in which he lived.

John Murray Forbes renewed in our American society, during the most heroic period of the Republic, the old Venetian type of merchant, who managed to unite a keen eye for trade and commerce with an equally keen, or keener, eye for the public interest. Unless it be John Hancock, we do not know of another similar figure in our history; for not only was Forbes a most successful man of business, who began life with nothing, but he found the time and had the inclination to keep in close communion with all the choicest spirits of his day and country, to exercise a large and liberal hospitality, to pay with purse and person in every scheme which had for its object the assistance of obscure merit, or the relief of helpless suffering, while at the same time placing at the disposal of his Government the services of a ceaseless activity, and of a sagacity and judgment concerning the conduct of public affairs which were rarely at fault. We have, indeed, read of no other man except Walter Scott whose character in private life rang so true; but he had a public perspicacity to which Scott could lay no claim.

He came from the Scotch Forbeses, through a branch long settled in America, got his schooling at the old Round Hill School at Northampton under Messrs. Cogswell and Bancroft, which he left at the age of fifteen, to enter in 1828 the counting-room of his uncles, a large house in Boston, engaged in the China trade. In 1830 he got a salaried place in the house of Russell & Co., in Canton, with a private understanding, not communicated to him until four years afterwards, that, if he proved competent, he should be admitted to the firm on the 1st of January, 1834. He was accordingly so admitted, showing the favorable impression he had already made on his seniors. Thus, at the age of twenty-one, he was a partner in one of the most important firms in the world. Soon afterwards he won the confidence of Houqua, the Chinese merchant, chief of the Hong or company which then managed all the foreign trade of China. He read Houqua's foreign letters, chartered ships to take his tea and silks abroad, and, in fact, took a very prominent part in the transaction of his business. In 1833 he returned home for a short visit, got married, discovered his admission to the firm, and went back again to China, which he did not leave until 1837.

His account of those years in China was very interesting. He described a state of things which has as completely passed away as the Middle Ages. China was so remote from Europe and America that it took six months to get there from either one or the other; but the trade, particularly in tea and silks, was nevertheless very brisk. It may be said to have sprung up, as far as America was concerned, mainly through the impetus given to our carrying trade by the French wars. Of course no man or house, either in England or America, could do business so far away as Canton, and yet it was very profitable, so that there had to be houses or "commission agencies" on the spot to exercise judgment in the sale of goods sent out by the Boston or London merchant, and in the purchase of the goods which were to form the return cargo of his ship. This was all the more important because a year generally elapsed before the charterer of the ship heard of the result of his venture. Russell & Co., being among the first on the spot, for some years made handsome profits in this business. A certain length of time in the firm was held, in Boston mercantile gossip, to be the equivalent of a certain amount of money, and Mr. Forbes was not peculiar among young men in coming home in 1837 with the little "pile" which was to be the foundation of his subsequent great fortune.

The next ten years were passed in Boston, working himself into the life of an American business man, acting as commission agent in the China trade, and making investments in home enterprises. It was a trying period in many ways, for 1837 was the year of the first great American panic. The three great banking-houses of London through whom most of the Chinese-American business was conducted, had failed, leaving only the Barings and the Browns standing; and the bills of Russell & Co. for more than £400,000 sterling drawn on these banks had to be met. His brother's affairs, too, were embarrassed. Everybody has heard of the general state of the country at that period, but Forbes managed to weather it all without damage to himself. Exaggerated ideas of his wealth were afloat in Boston, owing to his having the management of half a million dollars of his friend Houqua's money, invested in this country. His testimony to the scrupulous honesty, exactness, and fidelity to engagements of all the Chinese merchants with whom he had to deal, is very interesting, and two of Houqua's letters to him which Mrs. Hughes publishes, are marked by a lucidity, rationality, and friendliness of which any Christian might be proud. Some of Mr. Forbes's observations upon the profits of trade, given in a private letter to a friend, and the amount which a trader should spend by way of income, are well worth reading. He held that a trader, even a China trader, could not calculate on an average of more than 6 per cent. on his capital, and on this rate his expenditures should be based.

Up to this time his heart was in foreign trade and shipping, and he had so little opinion of railroads that he had formally, while in China, forbidden the investment of some of his money in them. But by 1846, nine years after his landing, he was led to join a number of other Eastern capitalists in buying from the State of Michigan an unfinished railroad, since so well known

as the Michigan Central. This sealed his fate, and led to his gradually getting out of foreign trade and becoming one of the greatest railroad-builders and railroad managers in America.

It was in 1837 that an event occurred which first drew his attention away from business to politics. The murder of Lovejoy, at Alton, Illinois, for editing an anti-slavery newspaper, caused a memorable meeting to be held in Boston to denounce the outrage, to which the pro-slavery roughs came in great force. John Forbes was by chance present, and heard Wendell Phillips make his thundering and famous rebuke of the base State official who excused the murder. "That speech," says he, "changed my whole feeling with regard to slavery, though the bigotry and pig-headedness of the Abolitionists prevented my acting with them." Henceforth he was virtually enrolled in the anti-slavery ranks. That is to say, he was opposed to the encroachment and arrogance of the South, but was willing to let the slave States alone if they would keep quiet. In 1855 his position was: "Can there be a doubt in any sane mind that the safety of the North and of the Union consists in a firm resistance to the further extension of slavery, or the increase of slave States beyond what the Constitution, in its strictest, clearest sense, calls for?" After Buchanan's election in 1856, while clinging still to what was, at the North, the conservative ground, Mr. Forbes had become so conscious of the immense revolution which was taking place in the minds of the Northern public about slavery and slaveholders that he was able to say to a Southern correspondent:

"Unless some strange and almost impossible change takes place in Mr. Buchanan's policy from that of his predecessor, you may count upon the popular vote of 1860 being against the increase of Southern power with as much certainty as you could upon its being thrown against the reestablishment, in our territories, of the feudal institutions of the Middle Ages."

The next year, 1857, he had to face another tremendous commercial panic, and, although perfectly easy about his own affairs, he had much to do in looking after those of the two great railroads for which he was most concerned, the Michigan Central and the C., B. & Q., and the fortunes of his friends. But the sounds of the Free-Soil battle were already in the air; there was fighting in Missouri and Kansas, and John Forbes foresaw the coming of the crisis with sufficient distinctness to make him lend, privately, all the aid in his power to the men who were preparing to meet it rifle in hand. By reason of this, in 1859 he received a visit from and entertained John Brown at Milton, and when the rebellion broke out he was "glad to be able to join the party of freedom and to have a chance to raise the money needed for supplying uniforms for the first loyal regiment which Gen. Frank Blair raised in Missouri."

In January, 1860, he was appointed a member of the utterly futile Peace Commission, which the Southern delegates to it never intended should have any result. They were occupied with arrangements for prompt secession, while the Northern delegates, who were really faithful to their own cause, were occupied with plans for the relief of Fort Sumter. Mr. Forbes returned home to place, *en rapport* with Gov. Andrew, all he had and all he was at the disposal of the

Government, to assist in carrying on the war. He chartered ships, he bought provisions, he made suggestions day and night, he sent his son in the cavalry—in fact, he lived, for that first year of the struggle, as if every minute not spent in putting more men in the field and more ships on the sea were a crime against everything he most valued. Early in 1863 he was sent to England by the Government, with Mr. Aspinwall, to make a loan of \$5,000,000 from the Barings, to be used in the purchase, if possible, of the cruisers the Confederates were getting built, or to assist in inducing the English to stop their sailing, and to influence public opinion in the same direction. He saw some leading members of the Liberal party, tried to dispose of the Government loan of \$5,000,000, but returned before it was placed and before the iron-clads were detained. Probably he was not a good American missionary, either to the British public in general, or even to the British Quakers, whom he sought to cultivate. Earnest, excited Northerners were not in much favor at that time in England, and were met with distrust. Mr. Forbes was both earnest and excited. He roused the horror of a dinner party at which even Dr. Martineau was present by saying, after much provocation, on being asked to sympathize with the general lamentation over the death of Stonewall Jackson at the hands of his own soldiers, that he did not care how he was killed, as long as he was "thoroughly killed."

The winter of 1864 he spent in Washington. After the close of the war he occupied himself with reconstruction and finance. In finance he was utterly opposed to the tariff which the manufacturers and the home producers were hastening to set up, and to the issue of any more paper, and to the impeachment craze. His interest in these subjects was expressed mainly in an incessant correspondence. He was greatly opposed to any haste which involved the relegation of the South either to whites or to blacks. In 1874 he was in some degree instrumental in getting President Grant to veto the inflation bill. As a delegate to the Presidential Convention in 1876, he made a fight with the Massachusetts Independents for the nomination of Hayes, but he was becoming more and more disgusted with the growth of corruption and boss rule in the party, in both State and nation. In 1884 the nomination of Blaine finished him as a politician. He gave, in a private letter to a friend, which Mrs. Hughes quotes, two reasons for objecting to Blaine, which were as follows:

"I object to Mr. Blaine because I have carefully studied his correspondence (old and new) with Mr. Fisher and others, and because I have entire faith in Mr. Mulligan's testimony regarding the circumstances under which the first letters were brought before the public in 1876. This faith is based not only on Mr. Mulligan's unimpeached reputation, but also on personal knowledge of him. I consider those letters alone amply sufficient in any ordinary case; but when confirmed by Mr. Mulligan's testimony and Mr. Blaine's own admission before his colleagues in Congress, I can find no possible room for doubt that Mr. Blaine stands convicted of having offered for sale his political influence, and of having tried to suborn the witness called to testify upon his case."

The second objection was: "I object, to Mr. Blaine because his management of our foreign affairs while Secretary of State was

sensational and eminently dangerous, warning us against what he might do in the Presidency."

When we remember that even such men as the learned Lodge and the patriotic, fighting Roosevelt stuck to the dishonored candidate—the first of them even on the stump—we see that Mr. Forbes was not fully aware that a new America had grown up after the civil war, of which he and other men of his stamp and generation knew nothing. There never was a more complete disappointment than that of those who thought that settling disputes by fighting elevates the character of the non-combatants. The necessities and mistakes of the war had poured into the veins of the American people a double dose of poison. They were taught first that the Government could make money with the printing-press as "a sovereign right." They were taught, second, that it was not immoral to repay, with such money, debts contracted in coin. That such teachings should, in a democracy, produce general moral relaxation, and beget the horde of unprincipled men who have since taken possession of both the great parties, was what might naturally have been expected. It is now nearly thirty-five years since the mischief was done, and it shows no signs of abatement. Like blood-poisoning in the human frame, it reveals itself now in one disease, now in another, but it is still there. The last is the worst of all—a desire to escape dealing with domestic ills by foreign war, under the pretence that farmers need military glory. Mr. Forbes, therefore, was right in 1884, when he decided "to charge once more and then be still." His last political comment, in his last year, 1898, after the declaration of war with Spain, was, "Outside a lunatic asylum I don't believe there was ever such a set of idiots as our Congress!" His gloss on this was, "This is no war of philanthropy; it is a political game to keep the Republican party in power." In other words, the war was not necessary for the liberation of Cuba, and a war which is not clearly necessary is one of the blackest crimes that man or nation can commit. His comment on the Philippine war was equally apposite: "I would give Spain the amount of our war-debt five times over, to take those islands back again."

The life of such a man is a useful antidote to much of the chromo-patriotism of to-day. He did not wait till the "conscience" of some political boss told his conscience what his duty was, and shoulder a musket, without inquiry, on the bidding of a man whose judgment he would not take on the simplest of his private affairs. Duty was to him "the stern daughter of the voice of God," not of William McKinley or Mark Hanna. His sense of right came to him from his own moral nature. He served his country with all his might in war, when war was plainly necessary, but only in the interest of permanent peace. Advocating war for its own sake or for "glory" was a folly which he never committed. He felt, and showed that he felt, in every act of his life, without cant and without gush, that it is righteousness, not power, which exalts a nation.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF APPIAN.

The Roman History of Appian of Alexandria.
Translated from the Greek by Horace White, M.A., LL.D. With maps and il-

lustrations. The Macmillan Co. 1899. 2 vols.

It is rare, indeed, in these days that a translator has an opportunity such as Dr. White's; rare, too, is it to find a translation of any ancient author which so well fills the needs both of the English reader and of the student of the classics. More than two centuries have passed since the death of John Davies, whose version of the 'History,' first printed in 1679 and again in 1690 and 1703, has long been inaccessible except in great libraries. Since his day there have been a French translation in 1808, an Italian in 1830, and two in German (the later in 1829-'31). Obviously, the field was open for a new comer, and it was worth working; for, as Dr. White observes, "Appian deals with the most momentous events of the ancient world, and his work can never be lost sight of while men continue to take an interest in Roman history."

The neglect of Appian by translators is due probably to two things: first, his great length, and, secondly, the belief that he was the composer of an historical romance rather than of a sober and trustworthy history. It is true that he was apparently incapable of weighing evidence in a scientific manner; certainly he was only a narrator and not a critic of events; then, again, his usual style is "destitute of ornament as a lawyer's brief," and his Latinisms make him caviare to the devotee of classic Greek. He is never thrilling; even his accounts of the deaths of Gracchus and of Cæsar scarcely rise above the level of his narrative of ordinary events, and hence he, perhaps, loses less in a translation than any other Greek writer. But, in spite of all this, students cannot safely cast him wholly aside; for, particularly in his books on the civil wars, we doubtless have in him a reproducer of much older Latin accounts which are otherwise wholly lost. And it is these very books which will be found of the greatest interest, often, indeed, most attractive, by the general reader.

Dr. White's preface contains all that is known or conjectured about the life of Appian, a summary of the contents of his works, with an appreciative notice of the invaluable labors of Schweighäuser upon them and some account of the other leading editions, a brief estimate of Appian's style and a fuller examination of his authority and his sources. In connection with the vexed question of sources, Dr. White critically reviews the monographs of Wynne, Hannak, and Vollgraff, reaching the conclusion that the last named is the most satisfactory, and concurring with him in holding that Appian's general source for the civil wars was a Greek and not a Latin writer. It is noticeable that Dr. White, whose book is in other respects so thoroughly brought down to date (he even refers to the mention of an Appian, not ours, in one of the papyri published by Grenfell and Hunt in 1898), should give no evidence of acquaintance with Prof. Schwartz's important article in *Pauly-Wissowa*, published in 1895. But then Schwartz himself, a strong supporter of Roman sources for Appian, seems never to have heard of Vollgraff. The six of the one may therefore be offset by the other's half-dozen. Dr. White, however, contradicts himself when on page 23 he represents Appian as expressly saying that he has translated a certain passage

from the *Memoirs of Octavius*; whereas Appian's words show nothing positive on this point, and Dr. White, in a footnote on the passage in question (vol. ii., p. 421), says that this source is only probable.

For an account of the MSS. of Appian, Dr. White plays the part of wisdom by translating in full, with all the footnotes, Mendelssohn's preface to his (the best) edition in the Teubner texts. He could not possibly have had a better authority to follow, but he is less successful in dealing with Mendelssohn's Latin than he is with Appian's Greek. Still, German Latin is a good deal harder to understand than real Latin, and this preface, bristling with technical terms, is no exception to the rule. Following this we have a bibliography of editions and translations, the best yet published, far superior to Engelmann's. Then comes the translation of the history itself. Here we find not only the larger works, but also the fragments (all except those which consist of but a word or two). Furthermore, Dr. White fills out Appian's narrative here and there with passages translated from Polybius, Cicero, Livy, Velleius Paterculus, Valerius Maximus, Plutarch, and Dio Cassius, with a sketch by Mr. Bryce of the present appearance of the site of ancient Carthage, and with many footnotes which are useful as helps to the story and to the understanding of the character of men and events. In the margin of every page of the larger works we find entered the years B. C. and U. C.—a great convenience to the reader. The maps, taken from English books, are clear and good; the illustrations, from ancient statues and busts, are selected with wisdom; and the facsimile pages from Vat. MS. Gr. 141 and 134, made especially for this work, will be of interest to scholars. The translation of Appian is divided into chapters after the French version of Combes-Dounous, and reference is also made to the sections of Schweighäuser. In the fragments, "Peiresc" cited as a source in the midst of the names of ancient writers, will perhaps give trouble to some. Why not "From 'On Virtues and Vices,'" as we have "From 'The Embassies'"?

In the translation proper, Dr. White confesses that he has not tried to reproduce the author's style, but that his aim has been to put the whole work into smooth, idiomatic English. In this aim he has been very successful, but the result is necessarily a certain deadness of level, entirely unrelieved by any of the rhetorical flights through which Appian's Greek sometimes rises almost to eloquence. Aside from this, however, the translation is very faithful; difficulties are faced and not avoided, and often, in the most perplexing passages, an alternative rendering, due sometimes to variant readings, is provided in footnotes. And we are glad to observe that while Dr. White does not attempt to introduce the flavor of antiquity by the use of "thees" and "thous" and "haths," and similar archaisms, yet, on the other hand, he never gives offence by using modern slang or the lower sort of colloquialisms.

Few men now living are better qualified than Dr. White, after his five years of intimate association with Appian, to give an opinion on the meaning of a disputed passage in this author. It is therefore with great diffidence that we shall venture to suggest one or two points wherein his version

seems to call for further consideration. In the 'Civil War,' 2, 111 (vol. 2, p. 173), we find it hard to see how the Greek can mean "if he should conquer these nations, he would be a king without a doubt." This leaves *μή* wholly unaccounted for. The phrase *εἰ ἦδεσαν αὐτὸν μή* is, we think, a Latinism. The next sentence, too, is certainly corrupt, and any attempt to translate the Greek of Mendelssohn's text must be a *tour de force* of the worst sort. The word *προσθήκης* can hardly mean anything but "addition," "additional title," while *σκοπὸν*, unless it be a mere gloss on *ἐγγεγραμμένως*, seems nothing but a blunder for *σκοπῶν* (which, indeed, is found not only in the Augsburg, as Dr. White notes, but also in Vat. 134). Adopting *σκοπῶν* and inserting *ἐκ* with Schweighäuser and *οὐχ* with Mendelssohn (in his note), we have, "but on consideration I do not think that they found a pretext for their attempts in this additional title," which fits the context and is, we think, what Apian meant to say. Of a different sort is a passage in the same book, section 116 (p. 179). Here, for *χρὴν γὰρ ἂν ἐχρὴν Καίσαρι γενέσθαι*, Dr. White gives: "for it was fated that Cæsar should meet his doom." We much prefer Davies with his "for it was of necessity that the misfortune to befall him should befall." And in general we cannot accept Dr. White's dictum that the translation of Davies is an "unreadable" one; on the contrary, we have found much that is pleasing in the work of that indefatigable bookseller's hack, who, forgotten as he now may be, left with his contemporaries, as Wood tells us, "the character of a genial, harmless, and quiet man." For example, we think that his version of Apian's summary of the career of Sulla is superior in tone, though not in faithfulness, to that of Dr. White.

But all these are either small or disputed matters; small, too, are such slips as a couple of "woulds" for "shoulds" on pages 175 and 176 of the second volume, and the curious sentence, "What our fathers did in like circumstances (and by which means they arrived at the summit of fortune), I will recall to your minds" (vol. i., p. 178)—an attempt to render a present participle used in combination with an aorist indicative. It is obvious that on the whole Dr. White has accomplished well a useful piece of work.

Henrik Ibsen, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson: Critical Studies. By George Brandes. Translated by Jessie Muir and Mary Morison. The Macmillan Company.

Beyond the limits of Scandinavia, Ibsen has attracted a livelier interest than his more versatile and genial contemporary Bjørnson, and has been more particularly an object both of immoderate admiration and of hot and hasty censure. To us English, Ibsen came explosively, riding the whirlwind, at the moment when his strong personality had found a singularly fitting form of expression. We knew practically nothing of his literary career, and we did not stop to look for aid in forming a judgment at the history of a man already past his fiftieth year, who for thirty years had been known as a poet in his own land. We took him for a Minerva, uncomely and forbidding, perfectly armed to do battle for ideas which we didn't like, and to thrust upon us a discussion of all sorts of things which we much preferred not to talk about.

Some of us were converted by the sword, and took to proclaiming ourselves "Ibsenites"; others, in a word, the public, repelled by the dramatist's contempt for all the devices which go to produce illusion of the theatre, and shocked, if not by the ideas, at least by their presentation on the stage, rejected Ibsen, denounced Ibsenites, and very soon came to regard Ibsenism as an unpleasant disease, which had raged in certain quarters, but fortunately had never become epidemic. It is not probable that, under the best management, Ibsen could have permanently impressed our intelligence or captured our sympathy. As a poet he is too mystical, too fond of symbols which we interpret literally, not being very keen to discover spiritual significance. As a dramatist he is too bare, too meagre, too close to facts; as for the message spoken in the plays by which we know him, we are so constituted as to resent a public declaration that life, by reason of our fathers' and our own sins and stupidities, is exclusively unhappy, wretched, contemptible. Moreover, we question the soundness of a moralist, the nobility of an idealist, who uses for his revelation the facts that Ibsen has found essential. Our lower nature is so arrested by the repulsiveness of the facts that we feel ourselves sinking with them, not soaring above towards renunciation and high endeavor.

These racial instincts operating so strongly against a general and permanent acceptance by us of Ibsen as a great poet, might have been modified (never overcome) had we been led up to him gently by acquaintance with his works preceding "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts," and by criticism like that of Dr. Brandes, neither eulogistic nor hostile, but uniting sympathetic understanding with conservative judgment. Dr. Brandes, though, geographically and politically speaking, not Ibsen's fellow-countryman, is of close kin and writes the same language. The studies included in this volume were composed at long intervals and are printed without modification of original impressions. Essentially, however, Dr. Brandes's opinion of his poet remains in 1898 what it was in 1867, and the greater enthusiasm of his latest impression seems chiefly a response to that clamorous, short-lived foreign recognition, criticism of which would be in a compatriot ungracious, almost unseemly.

Throughout, Dr. Brandes regards Ibsen as a poet, and his first study is largely an examination of Ibsen's debt, both for subjects and form, to earlier Danish literature. He perceives a great talent groping its way, but so slowly that, even after twenty years' labor and the publication of "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," it has reached no clear, definite expression. Ibsen is still depicting abstractions as human beings, still looking at life narrowly as a moralist, still displaying only that destructive spirit which Dr. Brandes observes is never a poetical one, still wavering for form from verse to prose. The spirit of the author is, however, clearly defined, and the critic's analysis of that in early manifestations holds perfectly good up to this day. It is pessimistic and revolutionary; it broods over the moral degradation of men, urging them to rise up and fight for spiritual freedom, in the same breath assuring them that the fight is futile and hopeless and will surely lead to untimely death. This spirit is part-

ly a race spirit, an expression of the northern sense of tragedy inherent in human existence, but reflecting an added personal quality, "something combative, rebellious, violent, and melancholy." Later, the critic is disposed to let his poet bear the greater share of his gloomy spirit, saying that his personal attitude towards life is one of "unrestrained grimness," that he is isolated among his people, neither a leader of thought nor a founder of schools. In his middle period he is an uncompromising individualist, politically and socially; he defines the whole duty of man, "to develop individuality for its own sake" and thus bring about the only revolution that can redeem the world—"a revolution in spiritual condition." He has won a place among the world's poets by divining and enunciating the spirit of his age; "in the idea battle of his time he has taken his place on the side of the ideas." As he emerges from the romantic literary influences of his youth, the mystical side of his nature is overpowered by the realistic, and "in proportion as he has become more modern he has become a greater artist"; he has found the form which perfectly expresses the thought.

Dr. Brandes is not in sympathy with what he calls Ibsen's "philosophy of life," meaning the duty of the individual to himself, but says frankly that he does not understand it, that it is "a philosophy of life in virtue of which a man may think and may write poetry, but he cannot act; nay, in the present state of society, he is hardly even justified in speaking out plainly, because he thereby in a manner calls on others to act, which in this case is equivalent to rushing to their ruin." This is almost the only reference to the influence of Ibsen's works on the conduct of life, and is very significant in estimating his weight in the world's literature. There is nothing new or original in telling a man that he should, in one way or another, fight exclusively and desperately for his own hand; none of the great poets have been inspired by enthusiasm for that primitive and barbarous impulse, and the tendency of their work has never been to exalt and encourage a cruel and brutal egotism—words hardly too harsh to be equivalent to Ibsen's phrase, "spiritual development." By speaking so plainly about Ibsen's probable influence, Dr. Brandes seems to us to qualify his poet's greatness, and we doubt whether his identification with current ideas is an unimpeachable claim to rank.

The ideas which he stands for are all of one order, and destructive. They are modern, but not all or the best of what is modern, and we wonder that Dr. Brandes, who fully recognizes the limitations and one-sidedness of this modernity, should also describe it as Ibsen's "imperishable glory," which will give lasting life to his work." As one of the world's writers, it seems to us that "imperishable glory" is much more likely to attach itself to Ibsen the prose-writer of plays for the sake of the play; than to Ibsen the poet or moralist; and nothing more clearly emphasizes the difference between the Scandinavian point of view and ours than the fact that Dr. Brandes ignores his remarkable revolution in the art of writing an acting play. Ten years ago, in introducing Ibsen to America, Mr. Edmund Gosse pointed out the absolute novelty of the dramatic form of the prose social dramas, giving to their author the honor

of a creator; and, however time may otherwise affect his fame, this honor must always remain to him.

Undoubtedly Dr. Brandes likes the man Björnson better than the man Ibsen. Yet he hardly gives the younger writer the credit of having pointed out some of the ways in which the elder became famous. In his "Newly Married Couple," for instance (1865), he suggested a woman's right to her individuality apart from her husband and in defiance of society's fiat; a subject afterwards discussed by Ibsen with many illustrations of how to show the separate identity—most of them more lurid than probable, more appalling than convincing. Though Dr. Brandes says that Björnson's spirit is more limited by nationality and locality than Ibsen's, a comparison of his criticisms hardly substantiates the assertion. Of the two, Björnson appears much more versatile, much more widely and deeply human. He gets successfully away from the pressure of Norwegian pietism, mysticism, and bitterness begot of material poverty. He sometimes expresses that part of the spirit of his age which aspires, which is altruistic and hopeful, not always, like Ibsen, that which is egotistical, despairing, decadent.

Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam. By Ephraim Emerton, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1899. Pp. xxvi, 469. ["Heroes of the Reformation" Series.]

For one whose writings are so voluminous and familiar, and whose claim to scholarly preëminence in his own age is so indisputable, Erasmus presents a remarkable enigma. His own character, and especially his attitude towards those great movements of which his life-time witnessed the tumultuous beginnings, have always been matters of debate. Prof. Emerton has felt the "elusive personality" of his subject: "At every stage of the study of Erasmus, one has to ask first what he believed himself to be doing, then what he wished others to believe he was doing, then what others did think he was doing, and finally what the man actually was doing." He is, therefore, wisely content to make no attempt to fathom much regarding Erasmus's motives; but the picture which he presents of the man and of his work is distinct and satisfactory.

Prof. Emerton is necessitated by the series of which his volume is one, to treat most fully of Erasmus as related to the Reformation, but he has been led into no one-sided biography. The inclusion of Erasmus among the "Heroes of the Reformation" he holds to be justified not merely on account of the great scholar's "heroism of persistent work and cheerful endurance," but of his immense services in preparing the way for reform by illuminating and unlocking the sources of Christian thought, by insistence "upon the principle of a sound, sane, reasonable, individual judgment," and by a sense of "the essential rightness of what is natural." Yet Prof. Emerton is fully conscious how inclusion in such a category would have struck Erasmus himself:

"Such a distinction would vastly have amused him. He would have seized his pen and dashed off to some friend, who would have spread the word, some such disclaimer as this: 'Well, of all things in the world, now they are calling me a hero! If you never laughed before, laugh now to your heart's content. I a hero! a man afraid of my shadow—a man of books, a hater of conflict, a man who, if he were put to the

test, would, I fear, follow the example of Peter and deny his Lord. And, not content with this, they add "of the Reformation." I, who never, by word or deed, drunk or sober, gave so much as a hint of belonging to any of their accursed "movements"! Well, no man can strive against the Fates.'"

Professor Emerton brings out clearly Erasmus's love of complaint regarding his external circumstances, even when they were most comfortable, his sensitiveness to all personal criticism, his balancing of both sides of questions in debate, his readiness to present "one opinion for his friends and another for the world," his inability fully to grasp the Reformation movement, his distrust of all reform that involved disturbance of existing institutions, however apparent to him their faults of administration—a distrust that led him, from a position of sympathy with the Lutheran reform movement, to hostility and formal opposition to certain Lutheran positions. But the biographer makes equally evident Erasmus's fundamental moral earnestness, his largeness of view as manifested in his hostility to war and his prophetic suggestion of arbitration, his independence, expressed in dislike of all that fettered his individuality, even to the loss of place and pecuniary reward, that he might be his own master. He was "a keen-sighted observer of men and things, a hater of all shams but his own, a sturdy beggar, a jovial companion and correspondent when he was in the mood; above all, an independent liver and thinker, dreading any routine that was not self-imposed, but capable of steady and persistent work when he could put his time on congenial tasks."

Erasmus's attitude toward the Reformation was the resultant of two opposite tendencies which wrestled in him—his intellectual sympathy with the principles which underlay the movement, and his constitutional dislike of innovation. It could have no other result than to put him out of harmony with both of the parties in the great struggle, made up as they were of men of less contradictory nature than he.

Throughout the volume Professor Emerton applies a just and searching criticism to delineations of Erasmus's life, whether from the pens of others or of Erasmus himself. Indeed, it is to the critical examination of Erasmus's own statements that he finds it most needful to direct attention, since, as he puts it, Erasmus "must be literary; he might be accurate." A single example of this careful sifting of Erasmus's own testimony may be cited. In his well-known letter to Lambertus Grunnius, Erasmus pictures, under the guise of the experiences of a fictitious Florentius, what he intended to present as an account of his own youthful monastic life, which is delineated as one of misery, unprofitableness, and wholly uncongenial surroundings. The letter, Professor Emerton holds, is "plainly a work of literary art," but a careful weighing of its contents in comparison with other hints as to the experiences to which it refers, in the light of the books he read and the friendships he formed in these monastic years, and especially in the light of his own contemporary "De Contemptu Mundi," leads the biographer to the conclusion that Erasmus's actual monastic life was of no such sordidness as he later represented it to have been, and that, "so far as the two things which he always described as the requisites of a happy life, books and friend-

ship, could go, the life of Erasmus at Steyn ought to have been a happy one."

It is this suggestiveness of criticism, based evidently on a very thorough study of his subject, that gives the deepest sense of value to Professor Emerton's painstaking and most interesting volume, whose readability testifies to his ready control of his material, while the aptness of his selections has conduced to a very remarkable compactness of presentation, free alike from discursiveness and from padding. The literary skill evinced is, indeed, fairly to be called masterly.

The Queen's Service; or, The Real "Tommy Atkins": Being the Experiences of a Private Soldier in the British Infantry, at Home and Abroad. By Horace Wyndham, late of the —th Regiment. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 8vo, pp. 305.

It is only when a man of good education enlists that we are likely to get an intelligent presentation of the actual life of the soldier. The yokel of the English farm or the cad of London streets is not likely to find the garrison life of a soldier worth the telling, or to have the faculty of writing it. To him the drudgery of the barracks is, perhaps, easier than that which he has been accustomed to. His food is better and more plentiful. The coarse language and manners of the barrack-room suit his habits.

But one of the problems of a modern state is that of getting men to enlist who are of a social plane above that of the yokel and the cad. Can army life in time of peace be made tolerable to such? Can they be attracted to it? Trooper 3,809 tried to show us how it works under the French conscription, which, theoretically, assembles in the rank and file proportionate representation of all classes of society. It is a curious demonstration that the number of educated men is so small, in comparison with the uneducated, that the few who are caught in the conscription net are not enough to keep each other in countenance, scattered as they must be through the crowd of ignorant, coarse, and dirty men who are the bulk of the recruits.

The character of the material with which officers must deal inevitably affects the style of rule and the discipline developed. Mr. Wyndham, however, makes it satisfactorily clear that the present discipline of the British army is a fairly reasonable one, administered with a general sense of justice, and free from the meaner forms of petty tyranny which Trooper 3,809 found in France. The irksome features are nearly all the natural result of enforced daily intimacy with the class of men who make up the common soldiery. There can be no personal seclusion where all sleep in the same room, eat at the same rough table from the same tin basins, live in the reek of the same foul pipes, with their ears full of the same "unprintable" language which is the fouler dialect of Tommy Atkins. Native qualities of love of fair play, hatred of sneaks, and a rough generosity and faithful comradeship show out occasionally in rough diamonds, but at best it is not a nice life for an educated man.

Mr. Wyndham's book is enlivened by good descriptions of garrison life on the Rock of Gibraltar and at Cape Town, with long voyages on troop-ships. The daily life of the soldier is detailed without varnish, and the

narrative seems trustworthy. Moreover, without intending to be so, it is a valuable sociological study, of curious interest.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baker, Prof. F. T. Browning's Shorter Poems. The Macmillan Co. 25c.
Barr, R. Jennie Baxter, Journalist. F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.25.
Bell, C. N. Tangweera, Life and Adventures among Gentle Savages. London: Edward Arnold. 16s.
Blaisdell, A. F. First Steps with American and British Authors. American Book Co.
Boyd, A. J. The Shellback. Brentanos.
Bradley, L. D. Wonderful Willie. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.
Bullen, F. T. The Log of a Sea-Wall. D. Appleton & Co.
Bunsen, Marie von. A Winter in Berlin. London: Edward Arnold. 6s.
Butler, H. C. Scotland's Ruined Abbeys. The Macmillan Co. \$3.50.
Cadell, Mrs. H. M. The Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyam. John Lane.
Carli, Mario. Il Ce-Kiang. Rome: Forzani & Co.
Chandler, F. W. Romances of Roguery. The Macmillan Co. \$2.
Corbett, J. S. Drake and the Tudor Navy. Longmans, Green & Co. 2 vols. \$5.
Cotton, Mrs. O. A. Chafing Dish Recipes. A. Mackett & Co.
Curtis, G. W. Prue and I. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.
Dachsel, P. Eight Years Among the Malays. Milwaukee: The Author. 50c.
Dickens, C. A Christmas Carol and the Chimes. Cassell & Co. 10c.
Farrer, W. Registers of the Parish Church of Burnley. Rochdale: Lancashire Parish Register Society.

Fell, Rev. J. British Merchant Seamen in San Francisco. London: Edward Arnold.
Finn, J. The Kipling Birthday Book. Doubleday & McClure. \$1.
Fowler, W. W. The Roman Festivals of the Period of the Republic. The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.
Fruit, J. P. The Mind and Art of Poe's Poetry. A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.25.
Gaskell, Mrs. Cranford. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.
Haley, L. Abbé Constantin. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.
Hall, Prof. J. L. Old English Idyls. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Hagood, N. Abraham Lincoln, the Man of the People. The Macmillan Co. \$2.
Harte, Bret. Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
Hutton, J. The White King of Manoa. R. F. Fenn & Co. \$1.25.
Hawthorne, N. House of the Seven Gables. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.
Hawthorne, Julian, and Others. One of Those Coincidences and Ten Other Stories. Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.
Hitchcock, Caroline H. Nancy Hanks. Doubleday & McClure. 50c.
Holland, B. The Poems of George Crabbe. London: Edward Arnold.
Hume, F. Hagar of the Pawn-Shop. London: Steffington & Son; New York: F. M. Buckles & Co. \$1.
Jewett, Sarah O. Betty Leicester's Christmas. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Johnson, O. Among English Hedgerows. The Macmillan Co.
Kingsley, C. The Heroes, or Greek Fairy Tales. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 50c.
Kipling, R. Barrack-Room Ballads. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.
Lamb, Charles and Mary. Tales from Shakespeare. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 50c.
Larned, Linda H. The Hostess of To-day. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
Lima, Oliveira. Nos Estados Unidos. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus.

Lighton, W. R. Sons of Strength. Doubleday & McClure. \$1.25.
Macmanus, Seumas. In Chimney Corners. Doubleday & McClure. \$1.50.
Martineau, Harriet. Feats on the Fjord. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 50c.
McKenna, M. J. Our Brethren of the Tenements and the Ghetto. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co.
Pennington, Jeanne G. Philosophie Nuggets. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
Russell, W. C. A Voyage at Anchor. D. Appleton & Co.
Schrakamp, Josepha. Supplementary Exercises in German. Henry Holt & Co. 50c.
Seeley, Prof. L. History of Education. American Book Co.
Seume, J. G. Mein Leben. Edited by J. Henry Senger. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Smith, O. J. A Short View of Great Questions. The Brandur Co.
Stoddard, W. O. Ulric the Jarl. New York: Eaton & Mains. \$1.50.
Stoker, B. Dracula. Doubleday & McClure.
The At-one-ment between God and Man. Vol. 5. Allegheny, Pa.: Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society. 25c.
The Fairy Tales of Hans Christian Andersen. Truslove, Hanson & Combs.
Vedra, Yarmo. Heliocentric Astrology, or Essentials of Astronomy and Solar Mentality. Philadelphia: David McKay. \$1.50.
Vincent, Elizabeth C. The Madonna in Legend and History. Thomas Whittaker. \$1.50.
Ward, Prof. A. W. Great Britain and Hanover. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 5s.
Wheeler, B. I. Dionysos and Immortality. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.
White, W. A. The Court of Boyville. Doubleday & McClure. \$1.50.
Williams, J. L. The Adventures of a Freshman. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
Wright, Mabel O. Wabeno the Magician. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
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